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{ From Beginning
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"MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE."

It is Thy voice that floats above the din,
Clear as a silver bell ;
We hear Thee, Saviour, through the strife of
sin,
Thy servants heed Thee well :
Beyond all others, through the upper air
That voice comes pure and sweet,
Like chimes, that from a steeple tall and fair,
Break o'er the clamorous street.

Not all, O Lord, may walk erect, and know
The music of that sound ;
Some cannot hear Thee till their heads are
low,
Ay, level with the ground !
And yet, for them, heart-humbled and alone,
Spurned as the crowds go by,
There is a power in the royal tone
To set them up on high.

Thy sheep shall hear Thy voice, — on plain or
hill,
Through flood or wilderness,
In the green pastures, by the waters still,
In joy, or sharp distress,
Thy call will reach them, — sometimes loud
and near,
Then faint and far away ;
O Thou good Shepherd, grant that heart and
ear
May listen, and obey !
Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

NOT THOU BUT I.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine. If I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have
known

My loneliness ; and, did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made
moan.

And so it comforts me, yea not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep,
To know thine eyes are tearless though
mine weep :

And, when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness
keep —

Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain.
PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

LOVE'S QUEST.

LOVE walks with weary feet the upward way,
Love without joy, and led by Suffering.
Love's unknissed lips have now no song to
sing ;
Love's eyes are blind, and cannot see the day ;

Love walks in utter darkness. And I say,
"O Love, 'tis summer," or, "Behold the
spring,"

Or, "Love, 'tis autumn, and leaves wither-
ing,"

And "Now it is the winter, bleak and grey,"
And still Love heedeth not. "O Love," I
cry,

"Wilt thou not rest? The path is over-
steep."

Love answers not, but passeth all things by,
Nor will he stay for those who laugh or
weep.

I follow Love, who follows Grief : but lo,
Where the way ends not Love himself can
know. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

CLEOPATRA'S MIRROR.

You have a thousand slaves, who do
Unwillingly their duty ;
And I one service have for you, —
To image back your beauty ;
But that one service is so sweet,
I would in it my life might fleet.

Your other slaves say you are stern ;
I always see you smiling.
As from me some new grace you learn
Your lovers get beguiling.
Those slaves, did they but win as I
Your smiles, would dare thrice o'er to die.

Oh, would you that all lands should pass
Beneath your firm subjection !
Then deem the world your looking-glass,
And made for your reflection.
Did you but smile on men as me,
The whole world should in bondage be.
Spectator. F. W. B.

CLEOPATRA'S REPLY.

I HAVE a thousand slaves, 'tis true,
Who somehow do their duty,
And all the service left for you
Is, to report my beauty.
But 'tis a service which, to me
Heaps vanity on vanity.

My other slaves may say I'm stern,
While you reflect me smiling ;
Could you but look beneath and learn
What mean those looks beguiling, —
They only mean dissembling care,
And struggling vainly with despair.

Mine eyes are dry, my heart is dust,
All memories turned to sadness ;
And yet I know that smile I must, —
Poor substitute for gladness !
So, that my smiles no harm may do,
I'll give my latest smile to you.

Spectator.

J. A. H.

From The British Quarterly Review.
LIVINGSTONE'S "LAST JOURNALS."*

THERE is a strange irony in the order of this world of ours, the key to which must be sought in the order of a higher world. The irony seems sardonic enough, when we limit our contemplation to the narrow range of the things which are seen, and temporal; but when we let the light of the things which are not seen, and eternal, fall upon it, a softening touch steals over its aspect, and we can even believe it to be benign. Poets and moralists have noted in all ages, sadly enough when the Divine thought which rules the ordinance was hidden from them, that few things on this earth shape themselves to a rounded completeness. Nature is "that which is becoming," and has always an onlook to the future. To the deep insight of Paul nature disclosed a universal groaning and travail. To Goethe, with hardly less keen intuition, the same aspect of the world, both of nature and of man, was unveiled. Always there is a sad unfinished side to every great human achievement; and an undertone of wailing breathes through all man's shouts of victory and songs of praise. Progress, of which we proudly boast in these Western regions, while the East smiles on us with lofty compassion, seems to grow by painful spasmodic starts rather than by kindly continuous currents. Great enterprises are mostly frustrated of the full fruition which their authors prophesy; great leaders fall, while the band that follows them is still in the wilderness; great statesmen drop, while the fate of the nations which they have saved is still trembling in the balance; great teachers die, and leave their disciples apparently lost in the night. A mocking smile seems to play around the lips of the genius who guides the destinies of the human; at least it seems mocking to the student of life whose eye is blind to the true range and scope of man's being—the universe and eternity. It is in the half-lights of earth that we seem to see a cold irony on the face of nature; when the clear sun-

light of the higher region falls on it we see only wisdom and love.

But we can feel no wonder that the keen eye of modern science, which searches into the reality of the things which appear, with little thought that the key to their order must be sought in the things which do not appear, is prone to take a terribly sad view of life and of the world. To the elder Mill life seemed to be a poor thing at the best, and hardly worth the living. To the younger Mill nature is mostly a scene of wasteful contention and confusion, over which no order reigns which is even apparently benign, and which, if it have any meaning, shows limited power and crippled activity in the Maker and Ruler of the system, on whose supremacy, therefore, it would be impossible to ground any intelligent trust and hope. He utters in his last "Essays" a passionate complaint against the order of things, or the want of order of things, in the natural and human worlds. What lofty aims and hopes of men the spirit that rules "this clumsily constructed and capriciously governed planet and its inhabitants" seems to blight with derision; what goodly enterprises it delights to thwart; what holy and dear relations it jangles and dissevers; what noble, fruitful lives it constantly strikes down before their work for the world is done! Mr. Mill writes with demiurgic loftiness. Always there is before his mind's eye a fairer scheme of the Creation than had occurred to the Creator; but still we find no mystery in his complaint of life and of nature, if he expects life and nature to solve the problem, and takes no account of heaven and of eternity.

In truth, nothing arranges itself here according to the plans of the philosophers. No clear prescient wisdom seems to them to be at work apportioning means to issues, and expenditure to results. The cost of progress always appears to them extravagant. The best workmen are called off, while the bunglers are mostly left to build up the structure of the future. To what height of power, of internal prosperity, and external honour, might not Italy have passed, had Cavour been

* *The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death.* By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S. Two vols. John Murray.

spared to complete and to crown his work! What confusion and humiliation might not the Great Republic have been spared, had not Lincoln been struck down with his work half done! And now our great traveller has been laid dead in his tracks, when the problem of ages was on the eve of solution; when another year of bodily vigour might have brought him home triumphant, and enabled him to bind the wreath which he so passionately coveted around his brow. It is all sad enough and dark enough, we freely confess, if the whole plan be what is before us. If the general progress of humanity, if the culture and development of the great human race, within the limits of this earthly sphere, be the whole key to the process, we can see how humanity could have been served on a simpler plan, and at a lighter cost. The true clue to the mystery lies, as we have said, in that world from which our great traveller drew his inspiration, and from which the chequered woof of human history, the broken twisted lines of human progress, are seen in the light of their universal and everlasting results.

And yet there is very visibly a benign side to this order of Providence, whose aspect seems so sad. The men who drop with their work half done bequeath a great inspiration as their legacy. Successors, young and strong, rise up to catch the torch which has dropped from their dying hands, *et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt* to their heirs. In place of one weak, solitary pioneer, struggling on with pain in a difficult track, a troop will soon be seen pressing on in the path which he opened; and working out the plans of the great leader to a fulness of accomplishment which could never have been attained by his own individual power. Such lives as Livingstone's are always germinant; they are the most precious seeds sown in a generation—the seeds from which the richest fruits of the future will grow. He did more by dying in Africa and for Africa, than he could possibly have accomplished had he been spared to return in triumph, and to reap the honours and rewards which would have awaited him; and under

which his soul would have wearied, as it never wearied under its tasks. Now, his death has bequeathed the work of African exploration and civilization as a sacred legacy to his country; and it has breathed into his successors an energy and intensity of purpose which in the end must win the great success. The blood of the martyrs is a seed as fertile in the region of heroic enterprise as in the Christian Church. The life which Livingstone offered for the salvation of Africa, like a greater life, is a pledge and a prophecy of its redemption. Already expeditions, admirably furnished, and ably led, have set forth to complete his explorations. This generation can hardly pass away until his aspirations for the great continent of his adoption begin to be visibly fulfilled.

The two great problems of the higher geography which remain for solution, concern the heart of Africa and the heart of the Arctic Sea. The solution of both problems seems to be reserved for men of the English race. There has been no lack of brave and successful adventurers in either region belonging to other nations. Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, stand side by side with Englishmen in the annals of daring and successful exploration in the Arctic seas. Some most brilliant exploits have been performed by foreigners, and some valuable discoveries have been effected. Still, the foremost names are English. Frobisher, Davis, Baffin, Parry, Ross, and Franklin stand highest in the roll of Arctic heroes. The expedition which will shortly leave our shores, to whose complete equipment all the resources of the British Admiralty will contribute, which will be admirably organized and splendidly manned—Frobisher discovered the straits that bear his name in a little ship of twenty-five tons burden; Davis discovered his straits in a mere fishing-boat of thirty—will, it may be confidently hoped, solve the hitherto insoluble problem, and win for England, whose right it is, the Arctic crown. The rival problem concerns the heart of Africa, the centre of the torrid region, as the pole is the centre of the Arctic region, of

the earth. There, too, the English, though nobly seconded by travellers of other nations, have taken the foremost place.* The chief burden of African discovery has rested on this country; and while the names of Caillié, Barth, Overweg, Van der Decken, Tinné, and Schweinfurth will always live in African story, the long line of English explorers — Bruce, Park, Denham, Clapperton, Lander, Campbell, Baker, Speke, Burton, Grant, and Livingstone, seem to claim Africa as the field of English culture and civilizing Christianizing energy. England, too, has always held the foremost place among the nations which are now happily combined in the endeavour to close "the open sore of the world" — the African slave-trade.

And it is right that it should be so. England is the great colonist of the modern world. The Jews alone, of all the peoples of the earth, seem to rival the Anglo-Saxon in the power of settling in any region, in any climate, under any conditions, and there making themselves at home and setting about their work. But the Jew is now out of the field, and the Anglo-Saxon, among civilized races, has it almost to himself. We use the word Anglo-Saxon — *pace* Mr. Freeman — fully recognizing the truth, that England has been inhabited by Englishmen since the fifth century. But we cling to the old term Anglo-Saxon, because it yields a common denomination for the two great branches of the English race, which our American kinsmen will accept and bear with pride. And we English are laying the whole world under contribution for the staple of our manufactures; our ships are busy beyond those of all the rest of the world together, in distributing the fruits of our industry over the globe. We get more from mankind at large than any other people, and we give more. It is right, therefore, that we should take the chief share of the

dangers and burdens of exploration; nor should we murmur if we are called to pay the price of noble lives for the knowledge and the influence by which we shall chiefly profit, and which we shall make the means of still more widely enlarging our transactions and increasing our power.

Of all African travellers, *facile princeps*, a head and shoulders above the rest of the band, stands Livingstone. He has won for himself a name as a daring, resolute, enduring, and, in every way, masterly explorer of unknown regions, with which few names known to history can stand as peers. It was a kindly providence for Africa which led his steps to that vast, splendid, but sad and desolated continent — the fertile mother of slaves from the earliest days of human history. Rachel weeping for her children might furnish the colophon for the book of the annals of Africa's sorrowful and monotonous life. The physical character of the continent, and the condition and history of the races which inhabit it, have close and profound relations. Mr. Buckle had hold of a great truth when he insisted on the intimate relation of the climate and the physical aspects of a country to the character of its inhabitants; but, as happens to most great truths in the earlier stages of their development, he rode it almost to death. No doubt he was right to a large extent, though man is still the master in his house of life. Africa is a remarkable instance in point. It is, of all the continents, in shape the most formless, and in physical characteristics the most monotonous. Asia-Europe — treating the two continents as one, which, physically, they palpably are — has form, grand, massive, powerful, and is full of features, as a glance at its coast-line and its levels will reveal. Vast peninsulas, promontories, isthmuses, islands, bays, harbours, glorious rivers, table-lands, mountain-chains, inland seas, and deserts, are mingled together in rich profusion; they mix with each other, and mingle their forms and influences in every region of the continent. There is everywhere marked feature and rich variety. And Asia-Europe has been the mother, the

* Sir S. Baker, in his "Albert N'yanza," pays a generous tribute to Signor Miani, when he reached the traveller's tree, which marked the point where the gallant Italian explorer was compelled to return. But he was compelled to return by precisely those very difficulties which the daring and the hardihood of Baker faced and conquered ("Albert N'yanza," ii. 282).

nurse, and the home of civilization, and has trained to a high development every form and variety of man. America, on the other hand, is lithe, graceful, and sweeping in form. Its coast-line is large in proportion to its area. It has rivers, lakes, mountains, table-lands, fertile savannahs, and stony deserts in abundance, and possesses, moreover, some of the very finest bays and harbours in the world. Here, too, the physical features of the continent lend themselves readily to growth, development, and civilization, in the inhabitants; and traces of an old and grand civilization in America everywhere abound, while she claims the vanguard post in the march of the progress of the future.

But Africa alone is dull, monotonous, and unprogressive in feature and in the history of her people. There is no movement, no development, no higher life. And the physical aspect of the continent helps to explain it. It is singularly formless in shape and characterless in feature. Its outline is heavy and dull. Its coast-line, in proportion to its area, is the smallest which is allotted to the continents. Europe has one mile of coast-line to 156 square miles of area; Asia has one to 459; North America has one to 228; South America has one to 376; while Africa has only one to 623. With few exceptions, its harbours are poor, and their number is small. Its climate, as a rule, is languid and depressing. The fertility of the soil is lavish; fields, forests, and even great rivers get rapidly overgrown. Through the greater part of the continent there is little need of clothing, of architecture, or of agriculture, beyond the very simplest scale. There is little stimulus to forethought and industry from the spur of necessity, and what there is seems to be monopolized by the ants; while the population is constantly scourged and often exterminated wholesale by slavery and war. Dr. Schweinfurth remarks in his admirable "Heart of Africa:"—

Tropical Africa, broken by steppes, presents in uniformity, perhaps, the most extensive district which could be pointed out in the whole geography of vegetation. Extending as it does from Senegal to the Zambesi, and from Abyssinia to Benguela, tropical Africa may be asserted to be without any perceptible alteration in character, but that which is offered by the double aspect of steppe and bush on the one hand, and the primeval forest, in the American sense, on the other.

And, again, this uniformity of tropical Africa, in comparison with the enormous space which it occupies, and the striking want of provinces in the geography of its plants, result from (1) the massive and compact form of the whole, and (2) from the external girdle which keeps it shut up, so that it is not penetrated by any foreign types of vegetation. The girdle is made by currents of the sea and long tracts of desert, and encircles it entirely. In the direction towards Arabia there is a bridge, as it were, to India, and the Indian flora has a great share in the characteristics of the vegetation (i. 223-4).

And this monotonous character runs through the population. Everywhere there are found the same main features in the character, the habits, and the life of the people. No growth, no progress is traceable through the ages. Able rulers arise as elsewhere, like Sebituane or the first Casembe, but they accomplish nothing and leave nothing behind them. No drainage of marshes, in which Africa abounds, no roads, no bridges, mark the master mind at work in a nation, subduing nature under man, and laying broad and deep the foundations of the structure of the future. Nature rules everywhere, and with terrible tyranny, as always happens when man abdicates the mastery and is content to be her slave. In the most fertile of the continents famine is almost chronic. Where the fruits of the earth are lavishly abundant the main difficulty of the traveller is constantly bread to keep him alive. Of course in this characterization of the continent we speak of its broadest aspects, and regard everything on the largest scale. Africa has regions of splendid variety and beauty; some of the loveliest scenery in the world may probably be found in Africa about the equator, and on the highlands some of the fairest districts for the settlement of European races. The people, again, to those who have dwelt familiarly among them, present features of rich variety. But the family type is strong. Often where this is the case, the members of a family present features of striking difference to their familiar acquaintances, while a stranger finds it difficult to distinguish them from each other. It is thus with the African race. To those who look at it from without and who seize only the broad characteristics, the continent and the people are alike singularly monotonous and unprogressive, and both the land and the people seem to

need the impulse of a strong civilization from without to develop their latent powers.

Africa, speaking quite roughly, extends about five thousand miles in length, by five thousand in breadth. The great mountain-chain is now found to run down the eastern seaboard. It is just like South America reversed, as a traveller has remarked. Kilimandjaro must have an elevation of something like twenty thousand feet, and is one of the greater vertebræ in the backbone of the world, which runs from North-Eastern Asia by the Himalayas, Arabia, the eastern coast of Africa, the Andes, and the Rocky Mountains, to the north-west angle of America. But the centre is an elevated table-land, basin-shaped, and filled at intervals with what remains of an ancient sea. Its geological character is simple and primitive. It has not suffered, like the other continents, alternate submergence and resurrection. It stands, like its Egypt, in grand and simple isolation, a fragment of the earliest physical age. It has suffered constant abrasion. Travellers in various regions note that its mountain-chains have the aspect of having been eaten away. There is little volcanic action through the vast continent; in fact, there is little disturbance of any sort. Africa remains still as it has been for untold ages, physically, socially, politically, the continent of monotonies, the mother of powerful, enduring, but coarse, brutal, and unprogressive sons.

But there are abundant traces of latent capacity of no mean kind in the race, which has done so little and has suffered so much through all the ages of human history. They are far from being, as a rule, a stupid or uninteresting people. Wherever the traveller may come across them, there is always much to interest and to suggest a lively hope of the possibilities of their future. Their virtues and vices are really those of children. Though the continent is hoary, and the races, they are still, morally, the infants of the world. Horrible brutality, obscenity, and foulness are met with in profusion, alas! by all who penetrate the interior regions; but here and there travellers come across tribes, with no very notable differences from surrounding tribes to account for it, in which decency, cleanliness, and order are as conspicuous. Nothing can be more admirable than the honesty of the Shillooks which Sir S. Baker describes ("Ismailia," i. 117). It

reminds one of the honesty of the Aru savages which so impressed Mr. Wallace ("Malay Archipelago," ii. 365). Sir S. Baker's "forty thieves," most of whom were blacks, seemed to be, at the commencement of his enterprise, as incorrigible blackguards as could well be met with. But before he had done with them, they were models of discipline, valour, honesty, and all the virtues which soldiers love ("Ismailia," i. 300). Dr. Schweinfurth writes with high commendation of the Bongo. Their moral sense is so far developed that children not at the breast are not permitted to sleep in the same hut with the parents. Separate huts are built for them with considerable care, but, alas! in such entire ignorance of sanitary laws that the physical results to the children are disastrous ("Travels," i. 303). He tells a tale which is full of interest, as illustrating the point on which we are at present touching. One of the Bongo told him—

that he had been badly wounded in an expedition which the Nubians had set on foot against the Dinka to steal their cattle. He had laid himself down outside a Dinka's house, and the Dinka had not simply protected him against all his persecutors, who considered themselves amply justified in proceeding to every extreme of vengeance, but kept him till he had regained his health; not content with that he provided him with an escort back, and did not abandon him till he was safe and sound among his own people ("Travels," i. 169).

You can hardly open a book of African travel in which you do not meet with similar traits of very noble qualities lying latent in the African races. Sir S. Baker is constantly tempted to break forth into fierce exclamations against the hopeless stupidity, brutality, or faithlessness of the people, and justly enough; but he rarely fails to record, in a page or two, or perhaps in the next sentence, some trait which blunts the point of his anathema; as when he confesses ("Albert N'yanza," i. 304) that "when he is placed upon his honour, the negro is generally reliable," or when, after giving them a very bad character indeed, he soon adds, that in most respects they might serve as models to the Egyptians. A wounded enemy of the Latockas had been wandering about the country, and hiding himself. Sir S. Baker says, as a proof of the superiority of the natives to the Khar-toumers, "He had at length been met by some Latookas, and was not only well treated and fed by their women, but they

had guided him to Ibrahim's camp" ("Albert N'yanza," i. 287). But those who have lived among them, and loved them like Livingstone and Moffat, the grand old patriarch of African pioneers, whose name will live and shine in African story while Africa has a history, entertain a very high sense of their capacity, and their moral openness to the influences of Christianity and civilization; but always, owing to their infantile stage of development, to which we have already referred, they need for the present the continual "episcopacy" of the European. There is little that is self-sustaining in the state to which superior influence might lift them; left to themselves they would speedily fall back, like the clearings of their own continent, into the moral swamp and jungle from which they had been reclaimed. And this facile subjection to higher influence and response to higher teaching which is so strikingly characteristic of the people, lead us to differ entirely from the view which Sir S. Baker proclaims so strenuously, that the merchant must precede the missionary, and that commerce must open the way for civilization and Christianity. We are firmly persuaded that with a race like the African, which has, as we have indicated, a certain unity through all its diversities, men like Moffat and Livingstone began at the right end; and that it is by men like them and work like theirs that the basis will be laid of the future civilization and development of the country. But we shall return to this subject when we have traced the profoundly sad, but yet noble and beautiful records of the last days of a great life, the last struggles of a lofty and heroic nature to fulfil the duty to which it was self-devoted, and which dying it left in faith to God. We simply refer to it here that we may see how benign for Africa was the providence which first directed the steps of Livingstone to her shores.

We have no intention of telling again the oft-told story of Livingstone's youth and early manhood. The picture of the Scotch lad, which he gives in the introduction to his travels (p. 5), "My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by machinery," is one of the "cameos" of the history of England in the nineteenth century, and will not be forgotten. Why is it that Scotchmen

distinguish themselves out of all proportion to their number, in the fields of enterprise and energy which the inhabitants of these islands occupy all over the world? Something no doubt is due—as in the case of the Jews, whom in many high qualities they resemble, and in some canny ones—to a native toughness of fibre, and a natural aptitude for the leading place. But more, perhaps, it springs from the value attached by Scotch parents to culture, to moral and intellectual training, and the patient, heroic sacrifice they are willing to make to win it for their children. The roots of Scotch ability and of the success which Scotchmen win in the higher fields of human activity, are struck in the self-denial and the self-sacrifice which are practised cheerfully in humble homes. Read the tale of Sir J. Simpson's early life and training, which illustrates a large class, and it will not be difficult to understand why these men force themselves to the front, when they go forth to the battle of life. They pay the world in noble service for the still nobler sacrifice which furnished them for their work. By the altar of sacrifice all the noblest fruits of human power and wisdom grow.

Livingstone went forth to his mission furnished with all with which his Scotch nature and training could endow him; with noble traditions of honesty, thoroughness, and godliness, handed down from his sires. He took with him into the field a sagacity, a mastery of men and things, an endurance, a power of self-devotion, and a faith in God, probably unmatched in this generation; and he did with them altogether matchless work. We attempt here no sketch of his character. That was drawn by a wise and tender hand, when the grave had just closed over his remains, in a former number of this review. But we must dwell for a moment on his spirit of independence, his resolution to fight his own way. Like his countryman, Harry of the Wynd, he would "fight for his own hand," under God alone. It was with great difficulty that he brought himself to work in harness, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Its nobly catholic character overcame his scruples; and thus, through Moffat and Livingstone, the London Missionary Society has been connected very closely with the opening of the heart of Africa to civilization and the gospel, which is one of the chief glories of its history. But tenden-

cies in Livingstone were very deeply ingrained; they ran through the whole fibre of the man. As he would have begun so he ended; and it was in entire independence, with merely nominal official relations, that his last and noblest work was done.

His devoted missionary ardour needs no chronicle here. But he was hardly of the ordinary missionary type. He was rather what might be called a missionary statesman. He was to the working missionary much what the statesman is to the administrator. The statesman cuts out the work for the administrator, and continually enlarges his sphere. At his first missionary stations at Kolobeng and the Mabotsa, he found his operations crippled by the brutal and obstructive doings of the Trans-Vaal Boers. Instead of falling back, he lifted up his eyes and took in a wider field. "The Boers," he says, "resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution, they or I" ("Travels," p. 39). It reminds one in a way of the proud resolution of Canning to call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. The Boers had a man of far-reaching vision and of indomitable spirit to deal with. His resolution issued in the opening, not of the district beyond the Kalahari Desert only, but of the whole of Central Africa.* His power over the native mind, his wonderful moral mastery over his followers, whereby he was able not only to win their confidence, but to inspire them with a courage and endurance kindred to his own, have imperishable record in the narrative of his great journey across the continent, which made him at once one of the most famous men in the world. But it is his stern fidelity to his followers, which led him to retrace his weary steps across the wilderness from the western to the eastern coast, which forms perhaps the noblest passage of his life. That dreary march of twenty months from Loanda to Kilimane, inspired only by fidelity to his word and to the followers who had trusted and served him so nobly, is, we think, even with the narrative of Inkerman and Balaclava before us, one of the most he-

roic actions of our generation; and here is its simple unostentatious record:—

One of her Majesty's cruisers soon came into port, and seeing the emaciated condition to which I was reduced, offered to convey me to St. Helena, or homewards; but though I had reached the coast I had found that, in consequence of the great amount of forest, rivers, and marsh, there was no possibility of a highway for waggons, and I had brought a party of Sekeletu's people with me, and found the tribes near the Portuguese settlement so very unfriendly that it would be altogether impossible for my men to return alone. I therefore resolved to decline the tempting offers of my naval friends, and take back my Makololo companions to their chief, with a view of trying to make a path from his country to the east coast, by means of the great river Zambesi or Leameye ("Travels," 391).

We can understand how the natives with whom he had much to do came almost to worship him as a god.

From Kilimane he returned to England, where his reception was a triumph. The enthusiasm with which he was everywhere welcomed by all classes, from the highest to the lowest, deeply touched and greatly cheered him; while he was fêted to an extent which wearied both brain and heart. But Africa was the land of his adoption, and to Africa he eagerly retraced his steps, bent on solving the great problem of ages, by discovering the Nile-fountains, the mystery of rivers, and opening the very heart of Africa to the civilizing and Christianizing influences of which he was the pioneer. Space will not allow us to trace his career during the interval which intervened between his return to Africa and his preparation for his last long journey, the record of which these volumes contain. He left England for Africa on March 10th, 1858, with a commission from the British government to explore the Zambesi, and develop the resources of the country. On September 8th, after eighty-two days' difficult navigation up the Zambesi, the expedition arrived at Tette, where his Makololo, whom he had left there in April, 1856, and whose trust in him kept them on watch, received him with a passion of joy. On September 16th, 1859, N'yassa was discovered. In 1860 he led his Makololo home, and returned to Tette; and came into deadly collision with the slave-trade. In 1863 the expedition was recalled by Earl Russell, and Livingstone returned. In England he published his book on the Zambesi, and then set his face towards the

* Among the wonderful providential openings of his path—among which the settlement of an able chief like Sebituane beyond the Kalahari stands first ("Travels," p. 87), let the altogether remarkable prophecy of the old prophet Tlapane be noted. Balaam could hardly have discerned the root of the matter more clearly. His words set Sebituane on a western path, and prepared the way for Livingstone.

desert once more. On August 14th, 1865, he left England for Bombay, and thence to Zanzibar, bent on his true God-ordained work.

For his vocation of God was manifestly difficult and dangerous exploration; far out in the wilderness, where the foot of European had never trod, and where the indomitable spirit, the tough endurance, the power of self-sacrifice, with which Heaven had endowed him, and the rich experience and the unrivalled knowledge and mastery of the African nature which he had gathered through a quarter of a century of daring and successful toil, alone could bear him through. On the 19th of March, 1866, he set his face for the last time to the wilderness, and on the 26th he writes:—

Now that I am on the point of starting for another trip to Africa, I feel quite exhilarated; when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives, every act becomes ennobled. . . . The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet of elevation brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable. We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger, either from beasts or men. Our sympathies are drawn out towards our humble, hardy companions, by a community of interests, and, it may be, of perils, which make us all friends. . . . The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is that the mind is made more self-reliant; it becomes more confident of its own resources; there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well-knit; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board, and we seem to have no feet; the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. . . . No doubt much toil is involved and fatigue, of which travellers in more temperate climes can form but a faint conception; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God: it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing (vol. i. pp. 13, 14).

Now that he is gone one rejoices over this record of the spirit in which he entered on his enterprise. It is like the war-horse snuffing the battle. The air of the wilderness filled him with exhilaration. His wanderings lasted from March, 1866, to May 1, 1873, when he fell. But we are cheered as we trace his struggling steps towards the close of his career, by the knowledge that he was about the work for which alone he cared

to live, and in which, had the choice been offered to him, he would have chosen to die. It is characteristic of his remarkable, perhaps we may say his unrivalled power as a geographical discoverer, that in the narrative of seven years' continuous work, in travel and scientific geographical research of the most extraordinary character, no break whatever occurs. And most wonderfully it has all come safe to England. May we not say that the loving hand of the God whom he served so faithfully, and to whom he committed himself so trustfully, guarded the sacred treasure, and would not suffer the record of the life that was freely sacrificed in His service to be lost?

Mr. Waller, whose African experience and personal knowledge of and friendship with Livingstone specially qualified him for the editor's duty, which he has discharged with scrupulous fidelity, though it is strange to miss Mr. Thomas Livingstone's name from his list of acknowledgments of aid, remarks—"We have not had to deplore the loss by accident or carelessness, of a single entry, from the time of Livingstone's departure from Zanzibar, in the beginning of 1866, to the day when his note-book dropped from his hand in the village of Ilala, at the end of April, 1873." In note-books, pocket-books, copy-books, old newspapers sewed together, his memoranda were written, with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree, and which looks strangely like blood. His invariable habit of repeating constantly the month and the year prevents any confusion, and we have here a consecutive narrative, which, considering the circumstances in which it was composed, and the manner in which it has been preserved and brought to the hands of Dr. Livingstone's children in England, is certainly the literary marvel of our times. We shall trace briefly the outline of the experiences and discoveries of these wonderful seven years, and shall find at every step fresh reason to admire and to honour the great traveller's energy, hardihood, sagacity, indomitable will, and faith in God.

He started from Zanzibar with a mixed company, the quality of which soon cost him serious trouble. Like the "mixed multitude" which went out with Moses, they "fell a-lusting," and hampered him grievously in his work. One cannot but think sadly how different the issue might have been could he have taken a party of his hardy, shrewd, and trustful Makololo with him, instead of the cowards and

knaves who, with some bright exceptions, composed his band. "I have a *dhow*," he writes, "to take my animals; six camels, three buffaloes, and a calf, two mules, and four donkeys. I have thirteen sepoy, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and two Waiyau, Wokatani and Chuma" (i. 9). The intention of the mixture of races was doubtless to guard against conspiracies; but there was no good to be done with such a company, and the shadow of coming sorrow broods over the expedition from the first. Livingstone set before himself as his aim the discovery of the southernmost watershed of the Nile-basin; and having a strong conviction that Tanganyika was connected with the Albert N'yanza, on which point there appeared to be a consensus of native testimony,* he resolved to work up to the lake from the south; for if Tanganyika were connected with the Nile-system, it is clear that the southern affluents of the lake draining the watershed between it and N'yassa, would be the true "*capita Nili*." The party reached Lake N'yassa by the valley of the Rovuma; but long before they arrived at the lake he came across terrible traces of the brutal cruelty of the slave-traders, and saw how fearfully "the open sore" of Africa was draining in those regions the very life of the country away. He was helpless to resent the wrong or to cure the evil; he could only groan in spirit and cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" There is some gleam of comfort and hope, however, in the fact which he records (i. 68), that "the chiefs dislike the idea of guilt being attached to them for having sold many who have lost their lives on their way down to the coast." A chief called Mataka emancipated and sent back some slaves, and turning to the people said, "You silly fellows think me wrong in returning the captives, but all wise men will approve of it." An immense tract of country, quite depopulated and desolate, "showed abundant traces of having once supported a prodigious iron-smelting and grain-growing population" (79). It is so everywhere. Speke, Baker, Schweinfurth, tell the same miserable tale; depopulation, desolation, and silence, as of death, in what were once the smiling homes of men.

Having got rid of the sepoy, who proved to be knaves and thieves of the

blackest dye, his party, after leaving the N'yassa, was further reduced by the desertion of the Johanna men who, terrified at the accounts which they had heard of the Mazitu tribe in front, deserted in a body, reached the coast, and there spread the report of Dr. Livingstone's death, which Sir Roderic Murchison's sagacity distrusted, and which Mr. Young disproved. He had to supply their place as best he could, and pressed on, still finding traces of extensive habitation towards the northwest. He was fortunate enough in one village "to disabuse their minds of rain-making prayers;" a feat which is hardly accomplished in England yet. He notes a most curious instance of intelligence in the honey-bird, which flies chirruping from tree to tree in front of the hunter, until he arrives at the spot where the bees' nest is; then it waits quietly till the honey is taken, and feeds on the broken comb (i. 164). Crossing the lofty range of mountains which form the watershed of the Zambesi, he had before him the valley of the Chambese, which he found to belong to an entirely different river-system, running down to a great lake, Bangweolo, which he subsequently visited, and on whose shores at last he died. Thence it issues as the Luapula, and runs into a smaller lake to the north, called Moero, from which it passes out a magnificent stream three thousand yards wide in places, under the name of the Lualaba, and vanishes towards the north-west. Here he entered on the new year. Under the date January 1, 1867, the following entry occurs:—"May He who was full of grace and truth impress His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour—for His mercy's sake."

Shortly after occurred that loss which presaged a fatal end to the expedition, and left him, with nothing but his iron constitution to help him, to battle with hunger, fever, and almost every form of disease and pain. We must quote his own words:—

January 20th.—The two Waiyau now deserted. . . . They left us in the forest, and heavy rain came on, which obliterated every trace of their footsteps. To make the loss more galling, they took what we could least spare—the medicine-box; which they would only throw away as soon as they came to examine their booty. . . . The medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all! I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie. All the other goods I

* Sir S. Baker received precisely the same impression from those who ought to have known.—"Ismaïlia," *ib.* 263, 464.

had divided, in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of that undercurrent of vexations which is not wanting even in the smoothest life; and certainly not worthy to be moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and a people—but this loss I feel most keenly. Everything of this kind happens by the permission of one who watches over us with most tender care, and this may turn out for the best . . . (i. 178).

His prevision was true. He struggled on for years, but it was of that fatal loss that he died.

They suffered from "biting hunger and faintness," but pressed on. Weak from fever, he struggled over the watershed, and on April 1st they saw Tanganyika peacefully sleeping at their feet. "I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am excessively weak—cannot walk without tottering, and have constant singing in the head, but the Highest will lead me further." Here he had a dangerous fit of insensibility which lasted for hours, and which recurred on May 1st. The loss of his medicine-box left him helpless, and it is manifest that the fatal seeds were being sown which laid him low at last! He falls in with a party of Arab slave-traders, who show him much kindness. He then set his face westward, sometimes in company with the slave-dealers, sometimes with his own little band. On the 8th November he discovers Lake Moero, through which the great river flows, and then, turning south, he spends a long time in the country of a powerful chief, Casembe. Several attacks of fever exhaust his strength, but on June 11th, 1868, he starts (having been detained by the desertion of his followers, who had been corrupted by contact with the Arabs), with the determination to reach the great lake Bangweolo, which receives the Chambese and gives forth the Luapula. On July 18th, 1868, he discovered it, and records the fact quite quietly. Then he set his face towards Tanganyika and Ujiji, where he confidently anticipated that he should meet the supplies of which he stood in such desperate need. On his way he was taken dangerously ill, and lost all count of time. He evidently felt that his condition was critical. "I saw myself lying dead on the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends, the lines ring through my head perpetually:

"I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say;
And be often very near you
When you think I'm far away."

But after a time he struggled on, making entries in his journal, the habit of observing and recording never failing until his last hour; and on March 14th, 1869, he entered Ujiji, to find that his main stores had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days to the east, and that the remaining goods at Ujiji had been shamefully plundered. He found no letters and no news of home. His lonely and desolate lot there would have broken the heart of a man less inured to want and suffering. He felt it keenly; but characteristically enough, as soon as the rest and better food began to recruit his strength, he prepared for a fresh and wider exploration. Of Ujiji he says, "This is a den of the worst kind of slave-traders; those whom I met in Urun-gu and Itawa were gentlemen-slavers; the Ujiji slavers, like the Kilwa and the Portuguese are the vilest of the vile. It is not a trade, but a system of consecutive murders" (ii. 11). They hated him thoroughly and did their best to drive him to despair; yet the "divinity which doth hedge a king" shielded him from their open violence. But the spirit within moved him to new enterprises, and on the 12th of July he left with a party of Arabs for a region in the west, inhabited by the Manyema, which was quite unexplored, and which promised to solve the perplexing question of the connection of the Lualaba with the Nile.

For two years and three months he continued moving about in the Manyema country, which he found singularly beautiful, and the people of a fine type. "I would back a company of the men, in shape of head and physical form, against the whole Anthropological Society." But they were terribly fierce and brutal, and were more than suspected of cannibalism; yet they were not without some noble traits, and understood the social value of chastity, commerce in open market, and property defined and protected by law. A woman there who found him excessively prostrate took him into her hut, prepared food for him, and said kindly, "Eat, you are weak only from hunger; this will strengthen you." "I blessed her motherly heart" (ii. 41). But alas! the slavers too were there, and scenes of frightful brutality constantly occurred. Travelling was made difficult and dangerous, supplies were cut off, and he was made literally ill with horror and

indignation as he watched desolations which he was powerless to stay. When in the heart of the country, in July, 1870, for the first time his feet began to fail him; the ulcers caused terrible weakness and distress. In fact, signs were abundant that his iron constitution, which had received a grievous wound in his great journey to Loanda, was breaking up. "The severe pneumonia in Marunga, the choleraic complaint in Manyema, and now irritable ulcers warn me to retire while life lasts" (iii. 55). But the iron will held on. A drop of pure comfort was borne to him here by a scrap from the *British Quarterly Review* which somehow came into his hands; which will form a drop of comfort as pure to the writer's and the editor's heart. He needed all the comfort, for he was heart-broken at the sight of so much wrong and misery. The sole entry in the journal on one day is—"March 20th.—I am heart-sore and sick of human blood" (ii. 108). The question has been raised and settled in the negative, to the disgust of sentimental lovers, whether any one ever dies literally of a broken heart. There is a touching entry (ii. 93) on a disease which attacks the enslaved, "which seems literally to be broken-heartedness." They complain of nothing but pain in the heart, and lie down quietly and die.

He managed with great difficulty to reach the Lualaba, and found it a mighty river three thousand yards broad; but he found it impossible to obtain the means of exploring it. He offered £400 for ten men to take him to the underground dwellings of which he had heard, to Katanga, where he expected to find the fountains of Herodotus which filled his imagination, and thence to Tanganyika and Ujiji. But he found it hopeless, and shortly a terrible incident occurred which drove him to despair, and made him resolve to separate himself from the human demons among whom his lot was cast, at any cost. We must tell the tale in his own words. It will stand once for all as a sample of the slave-trading horrors which wrung his merciful and righteous heart. The Manyema hold large markets. On one occasion some 1,500 natives were assembled, and the slavers seized the occasion for a deliberate massacre.

As I was approaching the market, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun; crowds dashed off from the place and threw down

their wares in confusion and ran. At the same time . . . volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who rushed at the canoes. . . . The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women wounded by the balls poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water shrieking . . . the heads above the water showed a long line of those that would inevitably perish. Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and the perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. . . . Even the Arabs estimated the loss at from 330 to 400 souls. . . . After the terrible affair in the water, Tagamoi's party continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come. No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell.

He could bear no more. His mental distress made him seriously ill. He "saw nothing for it but to get back to Ujiji." "Don't go away," say the Manyema chiefs to me; but I cannot stay here in agony." Through great danger and heavy difficulties he retraced his steps; sick, weary, despondent, he reached Ujiji, which he entered October 23rd, 1871, having spent two years and three months in the expedition, and having "read the Bible four times through" while in Manyema (ii. 155).

Arrived in Ujiji, a new and more terrible disappointment awaited him. He was worn to a skeleton; two years' strength had gone out of him; it was evident that the recuperative power in his system was failing; and he found on arriving at the station that all his goods had been sold and squandered, and that he must rest there sick, helpless, and a beggar. Verily the deep waters had gone over him; it seemed that hope and life were at their last ebb, when God sent him a deliverer.

One morning, when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out—"An Englishman! I see him!" and darted off to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin; huge kettles, cooking-pots, tents, &c., made me think, "This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end like me" (23th October). It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling

correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, Esq., at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone, if living, and, if dead, to bring home my bones. The news that he had to tell one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill (ii. 156).

We have no need to dwell on this memorable incident. England, Europe, all the world, do justice to the gallant conductor of this noble and generous enterprise; while Mr. Stanley's tender and almost filial devotion to Dr. Livingstone, make it a matter of keen satisfaction that he has been sent, at the cost of two influential journals, amply equipped and furnished to carry on and complete the great traveller's work.

Refreshed, renewed in body and spirit by Mr. Stanley's visit and supplies, he joins him on an expedition to the head of Tanganyika. His observations seem to have raised the suspicion which continued to haunt him, and which may already be established, that the lake was the head-water of the Congo and not of the Nile.* It was a sore thought. He had no special interest in the Congo; he had intense enthusiasm for the Nile. He writes (ii. 188): "I wish I had some of the assurance possessed by others, but I am oppressed with the apprehension that after all I have been following the Congo; and who would risk being put into a cannibal-pot, and converted into black man for it?" Mr. Stanley urged him to return and recruit. But after a touching allusion to Miss Livingstone, who nobly set her father's mission before the longings of her own heart, he records his resolution to complete the exploration of the sources of the Nile before he retired. On the 14th of March Mr. Stanley left him, bearing his precious journals, and the old veteran is once more alone. He lays out the scheme of a last journey, by Bangweolo to Katanga, the ancient fountains, and the underground dwellings. And he goes forth with the prayer:

* It would be foolish to speculate on this question at a moment when decisive intelligence may be expected from the expeditions which are treading in Livingstone's steps. The vast body of water on the Lualaba, with on the whole indications of a westerly flow, and the great river Welle, which Dr. Schweinfurth found with a clearly westerly set, after he had passed over the watershed of the Nile-system, look towards the Congo. If the expedition of Cameron or Stanley determines this positively, it must be remembered that it will be the fulfilment of the provisions which grew stronger in Dr. Livingstone's mind towards the close of his discoveries, and the tracing-out of the westerly outflow of Tanganyika which he indicated.

"May the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of his stout-hearted servants, an honour to my children, and, perhaps to my country and race"—a prayer which was heard and recorded on high. He had to wait for men and stores from Zanzibar, and on August 24th he started for the last time on his heroic quest. He had not been out a month before dysentery attacked him. From that time, the men say, he was rarely even comparatively well. It was a long stern struggle to endure unto the end, and to wrest the prize he passionately longed for out of the hand of death.

Ah! had he but been wise in time, and paused, we are tempted to cry, his invaluable life might have been spared to us still! But he was of those who are wise with the higher wisdom, and who live but in their God-given work. If Paul could have been turned by the warnings of Agabus and the pleadings of his friends, his Roman bondage and his martyrdom might have been spared. But then he would not have been Paul. "One thing I do," was Livingstone's motto. Had want, sickness, mortal faintness been able to turn him, his name had never been written where it is written now. So through perils of waters, perils of robbers, and perils of the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, and at last in mortal sickness, he pressed on. It is a deeply pathetic history. As they approached the lake-region tremendous rains set in, rain rare even in that region of waters, and his journey was through a continuous swamp, often up to their necks. The entries in the journal grow fewer and fainter, but still no failure in the tension of the heroic purpose, and no halting or trembling in the band of followers whom his intense nature seems almost to have inspired. Through incredible difficulty he struggled on to the southern borders of the lake round which he was bent on forcing his way. But a higher Hand intervened. The work was done, the rest was near. March 19th was his last birthday. "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, oh! my good Lord Jesus." "March 25th.—Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward." Pale, bloodless from profuse hemorrhage, he could hardly walk, and

on April 12th consented to be carried by his men. "It is not all pleasure, this exploration," he says, with a touch of his old humour. He could hardly hold a pencil, but he observes and records still. On April 25th, the ruling passion master still, he questioned some natives about the four fountains in vain. On April 27th his dying hand wrote the last entry in his diary: "Knocked up quite and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." His spirit was true to its mission, as the compass to the pole. His last word as his pencil dropped from his stiffening hand was a geographical record. We will not mar the pathetic interest of the narrative by extracts. Every Englishman should read it for himself. His faithful servants bore him on, manifestly dying, till they reached Chitambo's village. On the night of the 30th April, Susi boiled him some water, and held the candle near him, for he noticed that he could hardly see. He selected some medicine, and dismissed him with the last words which he was heard to speak, "All right, you can go out now." His man left him, but his Master was with him. Early on the morning of May 1st he seems to have struggled on to his knees; and praying, praising, the toil-worn spirit went home to God.

Then follows a truly wonderful history. Few situations could be imagined more utterly desolate than that of the little band of followers, alone in the distant wilderness, in the heart of Africa, at the farthest point of their wanderings, and the master whom they trusted as a providence taken away from their head. But his presence seemed to be with them, his spirit still ruled their thoughts and deeds. Chitambo, the chief of the district, behaved with a noble consideration and generosity. Terrible as is the presence of a dead body to an African, he did everything in his power to forward their melancholy work. The men met in consultation. Susi and Chuma, as his most experienced and trusted attendants, were chosen as leaders, and the men promised to obey them implicitly. Then they formed a resolution, which was simply heroic, and which showed an imaginative grasp of the interest and the bearings of the situation, of which few, we think, even among the highly cultured, would have been capable. Having formed the resolution to transport the body to the coast, they carried it out with a courage, a steadiness, a sagacity, which would have done honour

to picked Europeans. That nine months' march with the dead body of "the master" will live in African story, with Livingstone's daring march across the continent; and Susi and Chuma will stand forth in vivid witness, whenever there is a question of the high capacity of the African race. With a delicacy and tenderness rare, we fear, in the homes of civilization, the body was prepared for transport. The heart lies where it ought to lie, in the clods of the continent which Livingstone so passionately loved. The body was lifted and borne tenderly by loving arms through months of hunger, toil, and danger, to find its last resting-place among England's most honoured dead. The wisdom, the patience, the resolution, with which the poor Africans clung to their self-imposed, but noble and beautiful task, reveal to the eyes through which faith still looks forth, the tokens of a Presence still higher than the master's, and the guidance of a wiser and stronger Hand.

The English expedition, which they met at Unyanyembe, with strange blindness of heart would have persuaded them that their toil was fruitless, and that they had better bury the remains of the master where they stood. But the Africans were immovable. They could not hinder the opening of Dr. Livingstone's boxes, and the appropriation of the chief part of his instruments, which would have been of priceless worth to the family, and which are now scattered and lost. Mr. Waller expresses some "regret" at the proceeding. If he had strengthened his regret to indignation, it would better have met the justice of the case. This the men were powerless to prevent, but about the body their resolution was imperious; let who would oppose, let who would hinder, they would bear it through. Deadlier dangers awaited them after they left Unyanyembe. But they only developed fresh resources of courage and skill. Nothing could daunt, nothing could stay them; they bore their precious burden safely to the beach at Bagamoio; and as they handed over the dead body of their "master" to his countrymen five men only could answer to the roll-call, on the shore whence eight years before a numerous band had followed their great leader's steps. And then they learnt sadly that their work was done. Hardy and gallant spirits! What miserable blundering or pitiful economy was it which forbade their following the remains of the master whom they had served so faithfully and

borne so bravely, to his home in England, and standing, not the least noted and honoured mourners, by his grave among our greatest dead? Their heroic achievement is perhaps the most striking witness to the power of Livingstone's character and the depth of his influence; being dead, he yet spake and wrought in African hearts.

Two things can hardly fail to be noted by the readers of the "Last Journals"—a growing fervour and intensity of religious experience, and a growing fascination for the imaginative side of his practical work. As the end drew near his spirit held more constant communion with his Saviour, and outbursts of profound religious emotion and aspiration grew more frequent. From first to last he was the Christian missionary about his Master's work. Christ was his "strength and his song," and has "become his salvation." In his "First Travels" he writes (p. 504), after painting a Pauline picture of the sufferings and privations he had endured: "I do not mention these privations as if I considered them to be sacrifices; for I think that the word ought never to be applied to anything we can do for Him who came down from heaven, and died for us." And thus it was to the last. Four times, as we have seen, he read the Bible through in Manyuema. On March 19th, 1872, he writes: "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen. So let it be." May 9th he writes: "I don't know how the great loving Father will bring all out right at last; but He knows, and will do it." On August 5th: "What is the Atonement of Christ? It is Himself; it is the inherent and everlasting mercy of God made apparent to human eyes and ears. The everlasting love was disclosed by our Lord's life and death. It showed that God forgives because He loves to forgive. He works by smiles, if possible, if not by frowns; pain is only a means of enforcing love." A deep, intense, religious fervour, kept at a white heat his burning purposes; it was but symbolical of the whole attitude of the man, when he struggled to his knees to welcome death.

With this deepening religious fervour his mind seems to have been growingly fascinated by the imaginative aspect of his work. As strength fails, the legends

which connected Moses with Meröc, and the wonderful fountains of Herodotus, occupied his heart, and fired his imagination. Sir S. Baker asks, why could he not have explored Tanganyika, and settled some practical question, instead of chasing these baseless dreams? Because no common, plodding purpose could have fed his life during those terrible journeys. Every great discoverer is at heart an idealist. Columbus fed his strength for the discovery of the new world, by the vision of the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidel. And every great Scotchman is an idealist. Together with the cold, hard, canny nature, there is latent in the Scotch a lofty enthusiasm, which gives us such prophetic men as Irving and Carlyle, and which broke out into a flame in Livingstone, when all common fire would have been quenched by pain, want, and misery. Let us be thankful that his dying spirit was cheered by a brilliant though baseless vision, and that his work loomed grander and more glorious before his sight, as his eye grew dim in death.

A third feature stands out with growing intensity, his burning hatred of the accursed slave-trade. He evidently was of the mind of the sailor whose remark he chronicles, "Shiver my timbers, Jack, if the devil does not catch the slave-traders I see no good in having a devil at all." "All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, and Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world." It is the sentence which they have cut upon his tomb. From all travellers the same testimony comes. Everywhere ghastly desolation, horrible suffering, brutal cruelty, and lust. Dr. Schweinfurth notes that in one season more than two thousand small slave-traders arrived by one track only from Egypt, and that wide regions around him were depopulated; for all the young girls were carried away. It is the lust and laziness of the countries in which Islam reigns, which feed the horrible traffic. A new order of things in Egypt, and not the extension of Egyptian dominion, was needed, as Dr. Livingstone clearly divined (ii. 185), to root out the trade. Commerce first, the missionary after, is Sir S. Baker's formula. The missionary first, and commerce after, is the formula of those who have lived most among the African people. They are emphatically a race to be won by loving personal influence. It was an Arab

slave-trader who assured Dr. Livingstone that "if a man goes with a good-natured, civil tongue, he may pass through the worst people in Africa unharmed" (ii. 73). Compare the results of such work as Moffat's and Livingstone's on the African character, with the fruits of brilliant martial expeditions, such as "Ismailia" records; compare the blazing fires of Masindi and the bloody march to Gondokoro, with the "death-scene" in Livingstone's "Last Journals," and the heroic march to the coast, and you have a fair key to what the two methods are likely to accomplish for the regeneration of the African race.

In his first journey to Lake Bangweolo, which ought ever henceforth to bear his name, he has some touching words on a forest-grave: "This is the sort of grave I should prefer; to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. . . . But I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, 'and beeks forment the sun.'" His body lies among the wisest, greatest, and noblest of our English race, in that fair and stately shrine where the men whom we delight to honour are laid to their rest. He lies there great as the greatest.

Soldier, and priest, and statesman round him;
when
Achieved they more?

But his heart sleeps, where it longed to sleep, in the forest-grave in Africa; and no rude hand will disturb its repose. It is recorded of the great Douglas that after the death of Bruce, he had his heart enclosed in a silver casket, and hung it round his neck when he went to the wars against the infidels in Spain. When the battle went hard against the soldiers of the cross, he would unclasp it, and cast it far on, with the words "Pass on, brave heart, into the midst of the battle, as oft thou hast done; the Douglas will follow thee or die." England has sent on the heart of her great traveller far into the African wilderness. Rest thee there, great heart awhile; for thou art not lost to us forever. The ministries of mercy, liberty, charity, will follow thee — or die.

From Good Words.

FATED TO BE FREE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XI.

WANTED A DESERT ISLAND.

"We, too, have autumns, when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air;
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare."

LOWELL

LAURA and Mrs. Melcombe went home, and Laura saw the window again that Joseph had so skilfully glazed. Joseph was not there, and Laura would not have occupied herself with constant thoughts about him if there had been anything, or rather anybody else to think of. She soon began to feel low-spirited and restless, while, like a potato-plant in a dark cellar, she put forth long runners towards the light, and no light was to be found. This homely simile ought to be forgiven, because it is such a good one.

Peter was getting too old for her teaching. He had a tutor, but the tutor was a married man, and had taken lodgings for himself and his wife in one of the farm-houses.

Laura had no career before her, and no worthy occupation. All that came to pass in her day was a short saunter, or a drive, or a visit to the market-town, where she sat looking on while her sister-in-law did some shopping.

Melcombe was six or seven miles from any *visitable* families, excepting two or three clergymen and their wives; it was shut up in a three-cornered nook of land, and could not be approached excepting through turnpikes, and up and down some specially steep hills. These things make havoc with country sociability.

As long as there had been plenty to do and see, Laura had enjoyed her life on the Continent, and had fed herself with hope. So many people as passed before her, it would be strange, she thought, if not one of them had been made for her, not one was to give her the love she wanted, the devotion she knew she could return.

It was certainly strange, and yet it came to pass, though the travelled fool returned improved in style, dress, and even in appearance, while her conversation was naturally more amusing than before, for she had seen most places and things that people like to talk of.

Not one man had asked her to spend her life with him, and she came back more given to flights of fancy than ever,

but far better acquainted with herself and more humble, for she had spent so much of her time (in imagination) with Joseph that she had become accustomed to his slightly provincial accent, and had ceased to care about it. Joseph, however, did not speak like his good father, and he had been endowed with as much learning as he would consent to acquire, Swan having felt a great ambition to make him a certified schoolmaster, but Joseph having been at an early age rather an idle young dog, had tormented his father into letting him take to a mere handicraft, and had left school writing a hand almost like copperplate, and being a very fair accountant, but without thirst for knowledge, and without any worthy ambition.

Laura had always known that nothing but a desert island was wanted, and she could be his contented wife; but a desert island was not to be had, such things are getting rare in the world, and she now thought that any remote locality, where nobody knew her, would do.

But where was Joseph?

She had certainly gone away without giving him any interview, she had persistently kept away, yet though she was doing what she could by fits and starts to forget him, that perverse imagination of hers always pictured *him* as waiting, constant, ready. There was a particular tree in the glen behind which she had so frequently represented him to herself as standing patiently while she approached with furtive steps, that when she came home and went to look at it, there was a feeling almost akin to surprise in her mind at seeing the place drenched in sparkling dew, and all overgrown with moss. Footsteps that are feigned never tread anything down; they leave no print excepting in the heart that feigns them.

When Laura saw this place in the glen, she perceived plainly that there was no one with whom she might be humbly happy and poor — not even a plumber!

This form of human sorrow — certainly one of the worst — is not half enough pitied by the happy.

Of course Laura was a fool — nobody claims for her that she was not; but fools are not rare, either male or female; as they arrange the world and its ways in great measure, it is odd that they do not understand one another better, and whether Laura showed her folly most or least in thinking that she could have been obscurely happy as the wife of a

man who belonged to a different class of life from her own (she herself having small intellectual endowments, and but little culture), is a subject too vast, too overwhelming, for decision here; it ought to have a treatise in twelve volumes all to itself.

Mrs. Melcombe had come home also somewhat improved, but a good deal disappointed. She had fully hoped and intended to marry again, because her son, who was to live to be old, would wish to marry early, and her future daughter-in-law would be mistress of the house. It was desirable, therefore, that Peter's mother should not be dependent on him for a home. She had twice been invited, while on the Continent, to change her name; but in each case it would have been, in a worldly point of view, very much to her disadvantage, and that was a species of second marriage that she by no means contemplated. She did not want her second husband to take her that she might nurse him in his old age, fast approaching, and that he might live upon her income.

So she came home *Mrs. Melcombe*, and she continued to be kind to Laura, though she did not sympathize with her, and that was no fault of hers: sympathy is much more an intellectual than a moral endowment. However kind, dull, and stupid people may be, they can rarely sympathize with any trouble unless they have gone through one just like it themselves.

You may hear it said, "Ah, I can sympathize with him, poor fellow, for I have a wooden leg myself," or "Yes, being a widow, I know what a widow's feelings are," and so on.

No one has a right to blame these people; they are as kind as any; it is not their fault that some are living among them to whom no experience at all is necessary, and who not only could sympathize, but do in thought, with the very angel that never fell, when they consider what it must be to him if the mortal child he has to watch goes wrong; with the poor weak drunkard who wishes he could keep sober, but feels, when he would fain pass by it, that the gin-shop, like a devil-fish, sends forth long tentacles and ruthlessly sucks him in; with the mother-whale, when her wilful young one insists on swimming up the fiord, and she who has risked her life to warn him must hear the thud of the harpoon in his side; with the old tired horse, when they fetch him in from his sober reverie in the

fields, and put his blinkers on ; with anything else?—yes, with the bluebells, whose life above ground is so short, when wasteful children tread them down ;—these all feel something that one would fain save them from. So perhaps does the rose-tree also, when some careless boy goes by whooping in the joy of his heart, and whips off her buds with his cane.

Fruitful sympathy must doubtless have some likeness of nature, and also a certain kindness to found itself on ; but it comes more from a penetrating keenness of observation, from the patient investigations of thought, from those vivid intuitions that wait on imagination, from a good memory, which can live over again in circumstances that are changed, and from that intelligent possession of the whole of one's foregone life, which makes it impossible to ignore the power of any great emotion or passion merely because it is past. Where these qualities are there should be, for there can be, sympathy.

Mrs. Melcombe was fond of her one child ; but she had forgotten what her own nature, thoughts, fears, and wishes, as well as joys, had been in childhood. In like manner, as she was, on the whole, contented herself, she not only thought that her own example ought to make Laura contented ; but she frequently pointed this out to her.

The child is to the father and mother, who imparted life to him, and who see his youth, the most excellent consolation that nature can afford them for the loss of their own youth, and for the shortness of life in themselves ; but if a mother is therefore convinced that her child is a consoler to those who have none, he is sure, at some time or other, to be considered an unmitigated bore.

Mrs. Melcombe often thought, "Laura has my child with her constantly to amuse her, and has none of the responsibility about him that I have. Laura goes to the shops with me, sees me give the orders, and I frequently even consult her ; she goes with me into the garden, and sees the interest I take in the wall-fruit, and the new asparagus-bed, and yet she never takes example by me. She will eat just as many of these things as I shall, though she often follows me about the place, looking as if she scarcely cared for them at all."

Laura was pleased, however, to go to Wigfield and stay with Grand, and have for a companion a careless, childish girl, who undertook with enthusiasm to teach

her to drive, and if old Grand wanted his horses, would borrow any rats of ponies that she could get.

Laura spent many happy hours with Liz and the Mortimer children, now huddled into an old tub of a punt, eating cakes and curd for lunch, now having a picnic in the wood, and boiling the kettle out of doors, and at other times welcomed into the long loft called "parliament ;" but she seldom saw John Mortimer himself, for Lizzie was always anxious to be back in good time for dinner. She valued her place at the head of the table, and the indulgent old Grand perceived this plainly. He liked Laura well enough ; but Liz was the kind of creature whom he could be fond of. They were both foolish girls. Liz took no manner of pains to improve herself any more than Laura did ; but Laura was full of uneasy little affectations, capricious changes of manner, and shyness, and Liz was absolutely simple, and as confiding as a child.

The only useful thing the girls did while they stayed with Grand was to go into the town twice a week and devote a couple of hours to a coal and clothing club, setting down the savings of the poor, and keeping the books. This bi-weekly visit had consequences as regarded one of them, but it was the one who did not care what happened ; and they parted at the end of their visit, having become a good deal attached to each other, and intending to correspond as fully and frequently as is the manner of girls.

The intelligent mind, it may be taken for granted, is able to grasp the thought that one may be a very fair, and even copious letter-writer, and yet show nothing like diffusiveness in writing to an ancient aunt.

The leaves were all dropping when Laura came home, and was received into the spirit of the autumn, breathing in that sense of silence that comes from absence of the birds, while in still mornings, unstirred by any wind, the leaves let themselves go, and the flowers give it up and drop and close. She was rather sad ; but she found amusement in writing to Liz, and as the days got to their shortest, with nothing to relieve their monotony, there was pleasure to be got out of the long answers, which set forth how Valentine was really going to be married soon after Christmas, and what Liz was going to wear, how Dorothea was coming down to be married from Wigfield House, to please "sister," and how

it would all be such fun — “only three weeks, Laura dear, to the delightful day!” finally, how Dorothea had arrived — and oh, such a lovely *trousseau*! and she had never looked half so sweet and pretty before, “and in four days, dear, the wedding is to be; eighty people to breakfast — only think! and you shall be told all about it.”

Laura felt herself slightly injured when a week after this, she had not been told anything. She felt even surprised when another week passed, and yet there was silence; but at the end of it she came rushing one morning into Amelia’s room, quite flushed from excitement, and with an open letter in her hand.

“They’re not married at all,” she exclaimed, “Valentine and Miss Graham! There has been no wedding, and there is none coming off. Valentine has jilted her.”

“Nonsense,” cried Mrs. Melcombe. “You must be dreaming — things had gone so far,” and she sat down, feeling suddenly weak from amazement.

“But it is so,” repeated Laura, “here is the whole account, I tell you. When the time came he never appeared.”

“What a disgraceful shame!” exclaimed Amelia, and Laura proceeded to read to her this long-expected letter: —

“DEAREST LAURA, — I don’t know how to begin, and I hardly know what to tell you, because I am so ashamed of it all; and I promised to give you an account of the wedding, but I can’t. What will you think when I tell you that there was none? Valentine never came. I told you that Dorothea was in the house, but that he had gone away to take leave of various friends, because, after the wedding, they were to sail almost immediately, and so, — I must make short work with this because I hate it to that degree. There was the great snowstorm, as you know, and when he did not come home we thought he must be blocked up somewhere, and then we were afraid he was very ill. At last when still it snowed, and still he did not come, Giles went in search of him, and it was not till the very day before the wedding that he got back, having found out the whole detestable thing.

“Poor Val! and we used to think him such a dear fellow; of course I cannot help being fond of him still, but Laura, he has disgracefully attached himself to another girl — he could not bear to come home and be married, and he knew St.

George would be in such a rage that he did not dare to tell.”

“Young scamp,” exclaimed Amelia, “such a tall, handsome fellow too, who would have believed it of him?”

“Well, Laura dear, when I saw St. George come in, I was so frightened that I fainted. Dorothea was quite calm — quite still — she had been so all the time. It makes me cry to think what she must have felt, dear sweet thing; but such a day as that one was, Laura, I cannot describe, and you cannot imagine. The whole country was completely snowed up — St. George had telegraphed to John Mortimer, from London, to be at our house, if possible, by four o’clock, for something had gone wrong, and his horses, because of the deep drift, overturned the phaeton into a ditch. John rolled out, but managed to wade on to us; he was half covered with snow when I came down just as light was failing, and saw him in the hall stamping about and shaking the snow out of his pockets and from his hair. I heard him sighing and saying how sad it was, for we thought Val must be ill, till Giles came up to him, and in two minutes told him what had happened. Oh I never saw anybody in such a fury as he put himself into! I was quite surprised. He almost stuttered with rage. What was the use either of his storming at Giles, as if he could help it, or indeed any of us? And then sister was very much hurt, for she came hurrying into the hall, and began to cry; she does so like, poor thing, that people should take things quietly. And presently, grinding and crunching through the snow, with four horses, came dear old Grand, done up in comforters, in the close carriage. He had driven round the other way; he knew something was wrong, and he came into the hall with such trembling hands, thinking Val was dying or perhaps dead. And then what a passion he got into, too, when John told him it’s no use at all my trying to explain to you; he actually cried, and when he had dried his eyes, he shook his fists, and said he was ashamed of his name.

“It was very disagreeable for us, as you may suppose. It was dusk before sister and St. George could get them to think of what we had to do. To send and stop the bells from ringing early the next morning, to stop several people who were coming by rail to dinner that day, and expecting to sleep in the house on account of the unusual weather; to let Dick A’Court know, and the other clergy-

man, who were to have married them, and to prevent as many people as possible from coming to the breakfast, or to the church; to stop the men who were making a path to it through the drift—oh you can't think what a confusion there presently was, and we had four or five hired flies in the stables, ready to fetch our friends, and take them to church, too; and there was such a smell all over, of roasting things and baking things. Well, Laura, off we all set into the kitchen, and sent off the hired men with the flies, and every servant we had in the house, male or female—and Grand's men too—excepting sister's little maid to attend to Dorothea. They went with messages and letters and telegrams right and left, to prevent the disgrace of any more people coming to look at us. And then, when they were all gone, we being in the kitchen, John soon recollected how the cook had begged us to be very particular, and put water every now and then into the boiler, for the pipe that supplied it was frozen, and if we didn't mind it would burst. So off he and Giles had to go into the dark yard and get in some water, and then they had to fetch in coals for the fires, and when John found that all the water in the back kitchen was frozen, and there was none but what was boiling to wash his hands in, he broke out again and denounced Val, and that minute up came the carrier's cart to the back door, having rescued the four smallest Mortimers and Aunt Christie and the nurse, who had been found stuck fast in the sociable in a drift, and in the children burst, full of ecstasy and congratulations, and thinking it the greatest fun in the world that we should all be in the kitchen. And while Grand sat in low spirits at one side of the fire, and they began to amuse themselves by pulling in all the fish-baskets, and parcels and boxes, and wedding-presents, that the carriers had left outside in the snow (because John wouldn't let them come in and see us), St. George sat at the end of the dresser with his arms folded, smoked a cigar, and held his peace. He must have been very much tired, as well as disgusted, poor fellow, for he had been rushing about the country for three days and nights; so he left all the others to do just what they liked, and say what they liked. And very soon the whole confusion got to its height, by the elder children coming in and being told, and flying at John to con-

dole and cry over him, and entreat him not to mind. John, indeed! just as if we didn't care at all! It was intended that all the children should sleep in our house, for it is so near the church, and nothing could prevent the younger ones from thinking it all the most glorious fun. What with having been stuck fast, and then coming on in the cart and finding us in the kitchen, and having supper there, they were so delighted that they could not conceal their ecstasy.

"As for little Anastasia, when the weights of the great kitchen-clock ran down, and it stopped with an awful sort of gasping click, I believe she thought *that was the wedding*, for she ran up to St. George, who still sat on the dresser, and said—

"'Sha'n't we have another one to-morrow?'

"'No, you *stoopid* little thing!' Bertie said. 'You know Cousin Val won't come to do the marrying.'

"'But somebody must,' she went on, 'else we can't have our new *nopera* cloaks and our satin frocks. Can't papa?'

"'No, papa doesn't wish,' said Bertie; 'I asked him.'

"'Then,' she said, looking up at St. George, and speaking in a very pathetic tone, 'you will, *dear*, won't you? because you know you're so kind.'

"I just happened to glance at St. George then, and you can't think, Laura, how astonished I was. He turned away his face, and sister, who was standing close by, lifted up the child and let her kiss him. Then he got down from the dresser and went away; but, Laura, if he had wished more than anything in the world to marry Dorothea, he might have looked just so.

"Don't tell any one what I have said about this. Perhaps I was mistaken. I will write again soon.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"ELIZABETH GRANT."

"Well," said Mrs. Melcombe, "it's the most disgraceful thing I ever heard of."

"And here is a postscript," remarked Laura; "nothing particular though:—P.S.—Dorothea was ill at first; but she is better. I must tell you that dear old Grand, the next morning, apologized to sister for having so lost his temper; he said it was the old Adam that was strong in him still."

CHAPTER XII.

VALENTINE.

"If he had known where he was going to fall, he could have put down straw." — *Russian Proverb.*

LAURA wrote with difficulty an answer to Lizzy Grant's letter. It is easier for the sister to say, "My brother is a dishonourable young fellow, and has behaved shamefully," than for the friend to answer without offence, "I quite agree with you."

But the next letter made matters in some degree easier, for it at least showed the direction that his family gave to the excuses they now offered for the behaviour of the young scapegrace. First, he had been very unwell in London — almost seriously unwell; and next, Lizzy said she had been quite right as to St. George's love for Dorothea, for he had made her an offer before she left the house.

"In fact," continued Liz, "we have all decided, so far as we can, to overlook what Val has done, for he is deeply attached to the girl who, without any fault of her own, has supplanted Dorothea. He is already engaged to her, and if he is allowed to marry her early in the spring, and sail for New Zealand, he is not likely ever to return; at any rate, he will not for very many years. In that case, you know, Laura, we shall only be with him about six weeks longer; so I hope our friends will forgive us for forgiving him."

"They are fond of him, that is the fact," observed Mrs. Melcombe; "and to be sure the other brother, wanting to marry Miss Graham, does seem to make some difference, some excuse; but as to his illness, I don't think much of that. I remember when his old father came here to the funeral, I remarked that Valentine looked overgrown, and not strong, and Mr. Mortimer said he had been very delicate himself all his youth, and often had a cough (far more delicate, in fact, than his son was); but he had outgrown it, and enjoyed very fair health for many years."

Then Laura went on reading: —

"Besides, we think that, though Dorothea refused St. George point blank when he made her an offer, yet she would hardly write to him every week as she does, if she did not like him, and he would hardly be so very silent and reserved about her, and yet evidently in such good spirits, if he did not think that something in the end would come of it."

"No," said Mrs. Melcombe, laughing

in a cynical spirit, "the ridiculous scrape they are in does not end with Valentine. If he was really ill, there could be no thought of his marriage with this other girl; and, besides, Miss Graham (if this is true) will have far the best of the two brothers, *St. George*, as they are so fond of calling him (I suppose because Giles is such an ugly name), is far better off than Valentine, and has ten times more sense."

"Dorothea is gone to the Isle of Wight," continued Laura, finishing the letter, "to live with some old friends. She has no relatives, poor girl, excepting a father, who is somewhere at the other end of the world, and he seems to take very little notice of her. There is, indeed, an old uncle, but he lives at sea; he is almost always at sea in his yacht, and her only brother sails with him; but nobody knows in the least where they are now. It is very sad for her, and she told St. George, and sister too, that she had only loved Val out of gratitude, because he seemed so much attached to her, and because she wanted somebody to devote herself to."

In her next letter Liz told Laura that she herself was to be married shortly to Dick A'Court, "who says he fell in love with me when we two used to add up the coal-and-clothing cards." In these words, and in no more, the information was imparted, and the rest of the letter was so stiff and formal that Laura's pleasure in the correspondence ended with it. The realities of life were beginning to make her child-friend feel sober and reticent.

Laura wrote a long effusive letter in reply, full of tender congratulations on the high lot that awaited Liz as the helpmeet of a devoted clergyman, also on the joys of happy lovers; but this composition did not touch the feelings of Liz in the right place. "Just as if I had not told her," she thought, "that Emily was come home from India, and that I had consented to accept Dick partly to please her, because she was sure I should be sorry for it afterwards if I didn't. So I daresay I should have been," she continued thoughtfully. "In fact, I am almost sure of it. But I know very well, whatever Emily may say, that Dick will make me do just as he likes. I am sure I shall have to practise those quire-boys of his, and they will bawl in my ears and call me teacher."

So thinking, Liz allowed herself to drift towards matrimony without enthusiasm, but with a general notion that, as

most people were married sooner or later, no doubt matrimony was the proper thing and the best thing on the whole. "And I shall certainly go through with it, now I have promised," she further reflected, "for it would never do for another of us to behave badly just at the last."

It was the last week in March, and Laura was loitering through the garden one morning before breakfast, when Mrs. Melcombe came out to her in some excitement with a note in her hand, which had been sent on from the inn, and which set forth that Mr. Brandon, having business in that immediate neighbourhood, would, if agreeable to her, do himself the pleasure of calling some time that morning. He added that he had brought a book for Miss Melcombe from his sister.

"I have sent to the inn," said Mrs. Melcombe, "to beg that he will come on here to breakfast."

Laura had been gathering a bunch of violets, and she rushed up-stairs and put them into her hair. Then in a great hurry she changed her toilette, and, after ascertaining that the guest had arrived, she came languidly into the breakfast-room, a straw hat hanging by its strings from her arm, and filled with primroses and other flowers. She felt as she approached that all this looked quite romantic, but it did not look so real and so unpremeditated as might have been wished.

Mrs. Melcombe had also changed her array. Little Peter, like most other children, was always the picture of cleanly neatness when first he left his nurse's hand in the morning, and his mother was much pleased at the evident interest with which their guest regarded him, asking him various questions about his lessons, his sports, and his pony. She had been deeply gratified at the kind way in which all the Mortimers and their connections had received her boy; none of them seemed at all jealous. Even Valentine had never hinted or even looked at her as if he felt that the property ought not to have gone to the younger branch.

Peter, now ten years old, and but a small boy for his age, had an average degree of intelligence; and as he sat winking and blinking in the morning sunshine, he constantly shook back a lock of hair that fell over his forehead, till Brandon, quietly putting his hand to it, moved it away, and while the boy related some childish adventure that he had encouraged him to talk of, looked at him with scruti-

nizing and, as it seemed to his mother, with almost anxious attention.

"Peter has been very poorly several times this winter," she remarked. "I mean shortly to take him out for change of air."

"His forehead looks pale," said Brandon, withdrawing his hand, and for a minute or two he seemed lost in thought, till Mrs. Melcombe, expressing a hope that he would stay at her house as long as his affairs detained him in that neighbourhood, he accepted her invitation with great readiness. He would spend that day and the next with her, and, if she would permit it, he would walk with young hopeful to his tutor's house, and come back again in time for luncheon.

"I declare, he scarcely spoke to me all breakfast-time," thought Laura. "I consider him decidedly a proud man, and any one might think he had come to see Peter rather than to see us."

Brandon evidently did wish to walk with the boy, and accordingly rose as soon as he had finished his breakfast, Mrs. Melcombe giving him some directions, and a key to let himself in with by a side gate.

All the intelligence Brandon possessed, and all his keenness of observation, he exercised during his walk with the little heir. He could generally attract children, and Peter was already well inclined toward him, for he had shown himself to be knowing about a country boy's pleasures; also he knew all about the little Mortimers and their doings.

Brandon wished to see Melcombe, — even to examine some parts of the house and grounds, and he wanted if possible to hear something more about the ghost-story; but it did not suit him to betray any special interest. So he left it to work its way to the surface if it would. It was not the business he had come about, but he had undertaken to transact that, on purpose because it gave him a chance of looking at the place.

This was the deep glen, then, that he had heard Valentine speak of?

"Yes; and mother says the old uncle Mortimer (that one who lived at Wigfield) improved it so much; he had so many trees thinned out, and a pond dug where there used to be a swamp. We've got some carp in that pond. Do you think, if I fed them, they would get tame?"

Brandon told some anecdote of certain carp that he had seen abroad, and then asked —

"Do you like the glen, my boy — is it a favourite place of yours?"

"Pretty well," answered Peter. "There are not so many nests, though, as there used to be. It used to be quite dark with trees."

"Did you like it then?"

"Yes, it was jolly; but ——"

"But what?" asked Brandon carelessly.

"Grandmother didn't like it," said the boy.

Brandon longed to ask why.

"She was very old, my grandmother."

"Yes. And so she didn't like the glen?"

"No; but the old uncle has had a walk, a sort of path, made through it; and mamma says I may like it as much as I please, so does aunt Laura. "You know," continued the child, in an argumentative tone, "there's no place in the world where somebody hasn't died."

"Now, what does this mean?" thought Brandon. "I would fain raise the ghost if I could. Is he coming up now, or is he not?"

Presently, however, Peter made some allusion to the family misfortune — the death of the eldest son, by which Brandon perceived that it had taken place in the glen. He then dropped the subject, nothing more that was said till a few minutes before they reached the tutor's lodgings being of the least interest. Then, as they turned the edge of a wood, Peter looked back.

"You won't forget the turn of the lane you are to take, will you, Mr. Brandon? and you've got the key?"

"Yes," said Brandon.

"It's a green sort of door, in the park-paling. A new one has been made, because that one was so shabby. It's the one my uncles went through when they ran away, you know."

"What uncles?" asked Brandon, not at all suspecting the truth, and not much interested.

"Why, that one who belonged to you," said Peter, "and the other one who belongs to Bertie and Hugh. Didn't you know?" he exclaimed, having observed the momentary flash of surprise that Brandon made haste to conceal. "They ran away," he repeated, as Brandon walked beside him making no answer, "a very long time before my mamma was born, and they never came back any more till I was nearly six years old."

"So that's your tutor's house, is it?"

said Brandon, and thereupon he took leave of him.

"Amazing!" he said to himself as he walked away. "What next, I wonder?"

As he returned he revolved this information in his mind with increasing surprise. John Mortimer had a proud and confident way of talking about his father that did not sound as if he knew that he had begun life by running away from home. Valentine, he was well aware, knew nothing about it.

Coming on, he turned aside to talk to some men who were digging a well. He knew how to talk to working-people, and what is more to the purpose, he knew how to make them talk; but though they proffered a good deal of information about the neighbourhood, nothing was said that gave him any of the knowledge he wanted. And shortly he went on, and let himself in at the little gate with his key. It was not yet eleven o'clock, and as he did not want to see the ladies of the family so soon, he determined to go down into the steep glen and look about him.

He had no doubt now that to this place the superstitious story belonged.

First, he skirted it all about. From above it was nearly as round as a cup, and as deep in proportion to its size. The large old trees had been left, and appeared almost to fill it up, their softly rounded heads coming to within three feet of the level where he stood. All the mother-birds — rooks, jays, thrushes, and pigeons — were plainly in view under him, as they sat brooding on their nests among the topmost twigs, and there was a great cawing and crowing of the cock-birds while they flew about and fed their mates. The leaves were not out; their buds only looked like green eggs spotting the trees, excepting that here and there a horse-chestnut, forwarder than its brethren, was pushing its crumpled foliage out of the pale-pink sheath. Everywhere saplings had been cut down, and numbers of them strewed the damp mossy ground; but light penetrated, and water trickled, there was a pleasant scent of herbs and flowers, and the whole place was cheerful with growth and spring.

A set of winding steps cut in the soft, red rock led into the glen just where the side was steepest, and Brandon, intent on discovery, sprang lightly down them. He wandered almost everywhere about the place. It seemed to hold within itself a different climate from the world above, where keen spring air was stir-

ring; here hardly a breath moved, and in the soft sheltered warmth the leaves appeared visibly to be expanding. He forgot his object, also another object that he had in view (the business, in fact, which had brought him), leaned against the trunk of a horse-chestnut, listened to the missel-thrushes, looked at a pine-tree a little way off, that was letting down a mist of golden dust, and presently lost himself in a reverie, finding, as is the way with a lover, that the scene present, whatever it may happen to be, was helping to master his every-day self, was indeed just the scene to send him plunging yet further down into the depths of his passionate dream.

He had stood leaning against the tree with his hat at his feet and his arms folded, for perhaps half an hour. He had inherited a world (with an ideal companion), had become absorbed into a lifetime of hope; and his love appeared to grow without let or hindrance in the growing freshness and glorious expansion of the spring.

Half an hour of hope and joy consoles for much foregone trouble, and further satisfies the heart by making it an easier thing to believe in more yet to come.

A sudden exclamation and a little crash roused him.

Laura! She had come to visit her favourite tree, and lo! a man there at last, leaning against it lost in thought, and so absolutely still that she had not noticed him.

She knew in an instant that this was not Joseph, and yet as the sight of him flashed on her sense before recognition, the nothingness she always found gave way to a feeling as of something real, that almost might have been the right thing. As for him, though he saw her fitting figure, she did not, for the twinkling of an eye, pass for the ghost he had come to look for. He roused himself up in an instant. "Whew!" was his inward thought, "she is alone; what could be so lucky! I'll do the business at once, and get it over."

Picking up his hat, and sinking at every step into the soft cushions of moss, he accordingly approached her and said, but perhaps just a little coldly, "I did not expect to see you here, Miss Melcombe."

Laura perceived this slight tinge of coldness as plainly as he did the improvement in her appearance since he had first seen her in the morning, for surprise at detecting him had overpowered

her affectation. She had coloured from having been startled, and while she, from habit, moved on mechanically to the tree, she answered quite simply and naturally that she walked that way almost every day.

Brandon turned and walked with her. Opposite to the said tree, and very near it, was another, under which stood a bench. Laura sat down, and while pointing out the spot where certain herons had built their platform-like nests, began to recover herself, or rather to put on the damaging affectation which in a moment of forgetfulness she had thrown off.

Brandon did not sit beside her, but while she arranged her dress to her mind, threw her plaid shawl into becoming folds, and laying her hand on her bracelet, furtively drew the ornament upon it to the upper side, he looked at her and thought what a goose she was.

She wore a straw hat with so wide a brim that as he stood before her he did not see her face, and he was not sorry for this; it was not his business to reprove her, but what he had to say would, he supposed, put her a good deal out of countenance.

He was just about to speak, and Laura was in the full enjoyment of feeling how romantic it was to be there alone with a young man, was just wishing that some of her friends could be looking down from above to see this interesting picture, and draw certain conclusions, when a decidedly sharp voice called out from behind, "Laura! what can you be doing here? You know I don't like you to be forever coming to that tree.—Laura?"

"Yes, I'm here," said Laura, and Mrs. Melcombe, arrayed in blue poplin, stepped into view, and made Brandon feel very foolish and Laura very cross.

"Oh! you've brought Mr. Brandon here to see the carp," said Amelia graciously, but she hardly knew what to think, and they all presently went to the pond, and watched the creatures flashing up their golden sides, each wondering all the time what the two others were thinking of. Then as it was nearly lunch-time, Amelia and Laura proceeded to leave the dell, Brandon attending them and helping them up the steps. He was rather vexed that he had not been able to say his say and give Laura a certain packet that he had in his possession; and as the afternoon presently clouded over and it began to pour with rain, he hardly knew what to do with himself till the bright idea occurred to him that he

would ask Mrs. Melcombe to show him the old house.

Up and down stairs and into a good many rooms they all three proceeded together. Hardly any pictures to found a question or a theory on; no old china with a story belonging to it; no brown books that had been loved by dead Melcombes. This could not have been a studious race. Not a single anecdote was told of the dead all the time they went over the place, till at last Mrs. Melcombe unlocked the door of a dark, old-fashioned sitting-room up-stairs, and going to the shutters opened one of them, saying, "This is the room in which the dear old grandmother spent the later years of her life."

This really was an interesting old room. Laura and Amelia folded back the shutters with a genuine air of reverence and feeling. It was most evident that they had loved this woman whose son had forbidden her to leave her property to him.

Two or three dark old pictures hung on the walls, and there was a cabinet on which Laura, laying her hand, said —

"The dear grandmother kept all her letters here."

"Indeed," Brandon answered, "it must have been very interesting to you to look them over. (And yet," he thought, "you don't look as if you had found in them anything of much interest.")

"We have never opened it," said Mrs. Melcombe. "Mr. Mortimer, when he was here, proposed to look over and sort all the letters for me, but I declined his offer."

("And no doubt made him miserable by so doing,") was Brandon's next thought.

"I shall keep the key for my dear boy," she continued, "and give it to him when he comes of age."

("To find out something that he will wish he didn't know,") thought Brandon again. ("That cabinet, as likely as not, contains the evidence of it, whatever it is.")

"And in this gallery outside," she proceeded, "the dear grandmother used to walk every day."

Brandon perceived that he had got to the core and heart of the place at last. His interest was so intense that he failed to conceal it. He walked to the window and noticed the pouring rain that was streaming between the rustic pillars of the balustrades into the garden below.

He examined the pictures; only two of them were portraits, but in the background of one was an undoubted representation of the house itself; the other was a portrait of a beautiful boy in a blue jacket and a shirt with a wide frill laid back and open at the neck. Under his arm appeared the head of a greyish dog.

"That creature," Brandon thought, "is almost exactly like my old dog Smokey. I am very much mistaken if this is not the portrait of one of his ancestors."

He turned to ask some question about it, and observed to his surprise that Mrs. Melcombe had left the room, and he was alone with Laura, who had seated herself on a sofa and taken a long piece of crochet-work from her pocket, which she was doing almost with the air of one who waits patiently till somebody else has finished his investigations.

"I thought you would be interested in that picture," she said; "you recognize it, I suppose?"

"No!" he exclaimed.

"It used not to be here," said Laura; "the dear grandmother, as long as she lived, always had it in her bedroom. It's Mr. Mortimer, your step-father, when he was a boy, and that was his dog, a great favourite; when he ran away the dog disappeared — it was always supposed that it ran after him. I suppose," continued Laura, impelled to say this to some one who was sure to be impressed by it — "I suppose nobody ever did mourn as my grandmother did over the loss of those two sons. Yet she never used to blame them."

They did run away then, and they did keep away, and yet she did not blame them. How deeply pathetic these things seemed! Whatever it might be that had made his step-father write that letter, it appeared now to be thrown back to the time when he had divided himself thus from his family and taken his boy-brother with him.

"And that other portrait," said Laura, "we found up in one of the garrets, and hung here when the house was restored. It is the portrait of my grandmother's only brother, who was sixteen or eighteen years younger than she was. His name was Melcombe, which was her maiden name, but ours, you know, was really Mortimer."

"What has he got under his arm?" said Brandon.

"I think it is a cocked hat or some kind of a hat. I think they wore cocked

hats then in the navy; he was a lieutenant in the navy. You see some sort of gold lace on it."

"Did he die at sea?" asked Brandon.

"Yes. My great-grandfather left this place to his son, and as he died unmarried it was to come to our eldest uncle, and then to grandmother, as it did, you know."

"Its name was Melcombe, and it came from the sea," Brandon repeated inwardly, adding, "Well, the *ghost* can have had nothing to do with this mystery. I shall trouble myself no more about him."

"He was only about a year older than my oldest uncle," proceeded Laura, "for grandmother married at seventeen."

Brandon looked again. Something in the two pictures reminded him of the portraits of the Flamborough family. They had evidently been done by the same artist. Young Daniel Mortimer was so placed that his quiet eyes seemed to be always regarding the hearth, now empty of warmth. The other, hung on the same wall, seemed to look out into the garden, and Laura said in a sentimental way that, considering the evident love she had borne her grandmother, was not at all out of place.

"There is a bed of lilies that dear grandmother used to love to watch, and Amelia and I thought it interesting when we had had this picture put up to observe that its eyes seemed to fall on the same place. They were not friends, my grandmother and her brother, and no doubt after his death my grandmother laid their frequent quarrels to heart, and she had a beautiful monument put up to his memory. You must go and see it, Mr. Brandon. We have lately had it cleaned, and dear grandmother's name added under his."

"I will," said Brandon.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE STATUE OF MEMNON.*

THEBES in Egypt—who has not heard of its wonders? Who has not longed to behold them? That city of the hundred gates, as Homer calls it, has indeed long

since passed away; but even now some of its massy monuments and vast sepulchral chambers bear witness to its ancient grandeur. Above all, those twin statues of colossal size—"the pair," for so our countrymen have named them—continue to look down on the valley of the Nile, and more than any other monuments arrest the stranger's eye. "There they sat"—so writes Miss Harriet Martineau, describing her first sight of them—"together yet apart, in the midst of the plain, serene and vigilant, still keeping their untired watch over the lapse of ages and the eclipse of Egypt. I can never believe that anything else so majestic as this pair has been conceived of by the imagination of art. Nothing even in nature certainly ever affected me so unspeakably; no thunder-storm in my childhood, nor any aspect of Niagara, or the great lakes of America, or the Alps or the desert, in my later years."

Such were Miss Martineau's words of wonder derived only from a transient glance in her up-stream voyage. But on her return, when she passed many days at Thebes, she found her first admiration very far from enfeebled, and she has expressed it with her wonted vividness of style: "The pair sitting alone amidst the expanse of verdure, with islands of ruin behind them, grew more striking to us every day. To-day, for the first time, we looked up at them from their base. The impression of sublime tranquillity which they convey, when seen from distant points, is confirmed by a nearer approach. There they sit, keeping watch—hands on knees, gazing straight forward, seeming, though so much of the face is gone, to be looking over to the monumental piles on the other side of the river, which became gorgeous temples after these throne-seats were placed here—the most immovable thrones that have ever been established on this earth!"

These gigantic statues, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson has measured or computed, are forty-seven feet in height; that is, above the present soil, for they extend to seven feet more below it. They appear like islands during the yearly inundations of the Nile which cover the plain around them. Each was at first of a single block, although the one to which we shall presently and more in detail advert has been repaired in five blocks, from the middle upwards. Those five blocks came from a neighbouring quarry; but each original monolith was of a stone not known within several days' journey of the

* 1. *L'Empire Romain en Orient*. Par Gaston Boissier. Publié dans la *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Juillet 1874.

2. *La Statue Vocale de Memnon, considérée dans ses rapports avec l'Égypte et la Grèce*. Par Jean Antoine Letronne. Paris, 1833.

place, so that the means adopted for their transport are not easy to imagine or explain. What countless multitudes must have been required to move these stupendous masses!

Our readers, we are sure, need not be reminded how since the commencement of the present century the patient industry of some eminent men has poured a flood of light upon ancient Egypt. Not only have its pyramids and sepulchral chambers been explored, but its hieroglyphics deciphered and its inscriptions read. By these means—that is, by the tablets at the back of the colossi—we learn that both represent King Amunoph the Third, who began his reign about fourteen hundred years before the Christian era. They were designed as the entrance to an avenue leading to the temple-palace of Amunoph, about eleven hundred feet farther inland. This palace-temple, once so richly adorned with its sculpture, sphinxes, and columns, is now a mere heap of sandstone—"a little roughness in the plain," says Miss Martineau, "when seen from the heights behind."

Many centuries later, when Greeks began to settle in Egypt, they found that the easternmost statue of the pair had been shattered down to the waist. According to one report, this mutilation was due to the capricious fury of Cambyses, as conqueror of Egypt. We regard it, however, as highly improbable that if Cambyses had been swayed by such an impulse, he would have been satisfied with the demolition, and that only partial, of only one of the statues. It is far more likely that, as Strabo, the geographer, was assured, an earthquake was the cause of the disaster. To the half-statue, which then remained, the Greeks gave the name of Memnon. They believed it—notwithstanding the strong asseverations of the natives, who rightly alleged Amunoph—to represent the fabled son of Tithonus and Aurora, the valiant prince extolled by Homer, who brought a host of Ethiopians to the aid of Priam.

But ere long a rumour rose that this was no ordinary statue. As ear-witnesses affirmed, it would sometimes, in the first hour after sunrise, send forth a musical voice. The sound, they said, was like that when a harp-string breaks. "What more natural," exclaimed the Greeks, "than that the son of Aurora should hail in tuneful tones the advent of his mother!" Even those philosophers who might not admit the argument could not deny the fact. Men and women of rank

came from distant lands "to hear Memnon," as was then the phrase; and we find the vocal statue celebrated all through the classic times. Thus when Juvenal, in his fifteenth satire, is describing Egypt, he speaks of it as the country—

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.

Not all, nor nearly all, who came "to hear Memnon" succeeded in their object. On many mornings the statue remained obstinately dumb. When, on the contrary, the expected voice came forth at daybreak, the foreign visitors frequently desired to engrave on the statue itself a record of their gratification. Thus at the present day we find the whole lower part of the statue covered with inscriptions from the classic times, in Greek or in Latin, in prose or in verse.

It is very strange that this huge mass, so conspicuous an object from the river, should have been unknown a century or more ago, and been subsequently, as it were, rediscovered. We have now before us a quarto volume, published at Paris in 1733, and at present become very rare, a "*Description de l'Egypte*," by M. de Maillet, formerly French consul at Cairo. In this book an account of the statue, with its name of Memnon, is given from the ancient writers, and M. de Maillet adds: "*Quoiqu'il en soit, il ne reste plus de traces aujourd'hui de ce colosse.*"

In our own time the writers who have treated of this subject have mostly been disposed to connect the "magical chords of Memnon," as Juvenal calls them, with some artifice of the priests. They "no doubt contrived the sound of the statue"—so says, for example, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in his "*Handbook of Egypt*." For our part we are not at all concerned about the character of the hierophants at Thebes, or bound in any manner to defend them:—

Oh worthy thou of Egypt's blest abodes,
A decent priest where monkeys were the gods!

But our regard for historical truth obliges us to say that, as we believe, there was no priestcraft whatever in this case. The priests heard the voice, as did the visitors, but were as ignorant of its real cause. They did no more than share the common error, although no doubt they benefited by it.

We are glad to find that the opinion which we have now expressed entirely accords with that of a most competent

judge on any subject connected with classic times, M. Gaston Boissier. He has touched upon this question incidentally, while discussing the inscriptions on the statue, in an "Essay on the Roman Monuments in the East," which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July last year. But for full details we would refer to the earlier and more special treatise of M. Letronne; a rare book, however, of which there were only two hundred copies printed; and even of these no more than one hundred were on sale. It is mainly by the aid, then, of these two able archæologists — Boissier and Letronne — that we hope to render the whole case clear and convincing to our readers.

And first, as to the shattering of the statue. Admitting an earthquake to have been the cause, there still remains the question by which, or at what period, these huge fragments were hurled down. M. Letronne has produced a passage from the "Chronicle of Eusebius," as translated by St. Jerome. It refers to the year 27 before Christ, when, as it states, the edifices of Thebes were levelled to the ground. "*Thebæ Egypti usque ad solum dirutæ.*" Judging even from what now remains, it is clear that this is a great exaggeration. Yet still the fact remains beyond dispute, that in the year alleged there was a violent convulsion of nature, which wrought great havoc at Thebes. Now earthquakes are, or were, extremely rare in the valley of the Nile. This has been noticed by Pliny, who, in one sentence, has rather strangely lumped together Gaul and Egypt. "*Gallia et Egyptus minime quatiuntur.*" If then any person be inclined to doubt that the partial destruction of the statue took place in the year 27 before Christ, he will find it very difficult to name any other earthquake to which within the necessary limits of time that partial destruction can be ascribed.

But farther, this date accurately tallies with the other circumstances of the case. The visit of Strabo to Egypt was made between the years 18 and 7 before the Christian era, that is ten or twenty years after the earthquake which Eusebius has recorded. At Thebes he found the natives full of traditional resentment at the long-past Persian conquest. They appear to have pointed out, or enumerated to him, various of their monuments as mutilated by Cambyzes. But they always excepted the colossal statue, which, as was said among them, had been rent asunder by a

convulsion of the earth. That convulsion was then too recent for them to entertain or express any doubt upon the subject. But in the reign of the emperor Hadrian, a hundred and fifty years later, the memory of the earthquake appears to have faded away, and the colossus was then included in the list of monuments which Cambyzes had attempted to destroy. Several of the inscriptions dating from that reign, and still to be traced along the base of the statue, allude to this as to a certain fact.

It is to be borne in mind, that until the statue was shattered to its waist there was no thought or question of its musical sound at sunrise. It was only since then that the "voice of Memnon" was heard, or that by degrees the rumours of it spread abroad. Miss Martineau is therefore quite in error when, after mentioning how the easternmost statue was shattered by Cambyzes, she adds, "after which, however, it still gave out its gentle music to the morning sun." It was not in spite of, but in consequence of, the mutilation that the musical sound was heard.

On the rumours, as they gradually went forth of this wonderful voice, travellers, some of princely rank, were attracted to the spot, and bore witness to the miracle. Thus, when in the year 19 of the Christian era Germanicus appeared in Egypt, and sailed up the Nile, we are informed by Tacitus that he visited the vocal statue. But as we have already noted, Memnon was by no means constant or indiscriminating in his favours. On some mornings the pilgrims were gratified with the expected voice, on others they went disappointed away.

From this variation there ensued, ere long, the common idea that to hear Memnon was a high privilege—a special favour of the gods. The inscriptions at the base of the statue, beginning, so far as their dates can be traced, in the reign of Nero, are forward to commemorate the fact.

Here follow some of these inscriptions as translated, the originals being partly in Latin and partly in very indifferent Greek.

I, Funisulana Vetulla, wife of Caius Lælius Africanus, Præfect of Egypt, heard Memnon an hour and a half before sunrise on the Ides of February, in the first year of the august Emperor Domitian.

This date corresponds to the year 82 of the Christian era.

In the seventeenth year of the Emperor Domitian, Cæsar Augustus, Germanicus, I, Titus Petronius Secundus, Præfect, heard Memnon at the first hour in the Ides of March, and gave him honour in the Greek verses inscribed below.

Here then follow the verses, which seem of but moderate merit; although M. Letronne, considering the authorship, is disposed to view them with indulgence: "*Fort passables*," he says, "*pour être l'ouvrage d'un préfet*."

After the first hour, and when in the course of the second the genial day (*alma dies*) irradiates the ocean, the Memnonian Voice was happily heard by me three times.

Viaticus Theramenes made (this inscription) when he heard Memnon in the Calends of June, Servianus being for the third time Consul. With him was his wife Asidonia Calpe.

The third consulship of Servianus answers to the year of our Lord 134.

(Greek Verses) by Cæcilia Trebulla.

Hearing the sacred voice of Memnon, I longed for thee, O my mother, and desired that thou also mightest hear it.

(In Greek verse.)

Thy mother, O renowned Memnon, the Goddess, the rosy-fingered Aurora, has rendered thee vocal for me who desired to hear thee. In the twelfth year of the illustrious Antoninus, and in the month of Pachon, counting thirteen days, twice, O Divine Being, did I hear thy Voice as the sun was leaving the majestic waves of Ocean.

Once the son of Saturn, great Jove, had made thee monarch of the East; now thou art but a stone; and it is from a stone that thy Voice proceeds.

Gemellus wrote these verses in his turn, having come hither with his dear wife Rufilla and his children.

The 12th year of the reign of Antoninus answers to 150 of our era.

But by far the most interesting visit ever paid to Memnon was from the emperor Hadrian, in the year of Christ 140. That emperor, whose intelligent curiosity led him to view in their turn almost every place of note in his dominions, appears to have passed many days, perhaps even a whole month, at Thebes. With him came his empress Sabina; and in their train was a blue-stocking matron, Julia Balbilla by name. This lady desiring to do honour to her patron, inscribed at the base of the statue several pieces of pedantic verse composed by herself. In one of them she triumphantly relates that

the emperor heard Memnon no less than three times — "a clear proof," adds Balbilla, "that the gods love Hadrian."

Sabina was not quite so fortunate. She was greatly displeased that when she first appeared before him Memnon remained mute. Her displeasure is still attested by an inscription in Greek verse, composed, it would seem, by one of her attendants, perhaps by the same blue-stocking matron who wrote the rest.

Having failed to hear Memnon yesterday, we prayed to him not to be again unfavorable to us, nor withhold his Divine Sound; for the venerable features of the Empress were inflamed with anger. The Emperor himself might be irritated, and a lasting sadness might invade his venerable consort. Memnon accordingly, dreading the wrath of these immortal princes, has of a sudden sent forth his melodious voice, thus showing that he takes pleasure in the companionship of Gods.

The accounts of the Memnon statue and of its voice at sunrise, as transmitted to us by divers pagan writers since the beginning of the Christian era, are clear, distinct, and consistent with each other. There is, however, a remarkable exception in that historical romance, "The Life of Apollonius of Tyana," by Philostratus. Dr. Jowett, in the article on Apollonius which he contributed to one of Dr. Smith's classical dictionaries, describes that book as a "mass of incongruities and fables;" nor shall we find any reason to modify that general judgment by the particular instance which is now before us.

Philostratus then, writing in the reign of Alexander Severus, that is between the years 222 and 235 of our era, describes the wanderings and the miracles of Apollonius in the first century since the birth of Christ. He makes his hero visit the Memnon, which he represents as not mutilated but entire. The head, he says, is of a beardless young man; his arms rest upon his throne, his figure leans forward as though in act to rise, his mouth and eyes betoken a man in the act to speak, and when the voice does issue his eyes shine forth with especial brilliancy, like those of a man on whom the sunlight falls.

But what a fancy fabric is here! All the other effigies of Amunoph the Third represent him as bearded: it seems therefore all but certain that this colossus when entire was bearded also. As to the figure bending forward as though ready to rise, M. Letronne assures us

that no such attitude is to be found in any other Egyptian statue. The eyes that betoken an intention of speaking, and that beam with preternatural light whenever the voice is heard, are plainly the work of the imagination, and of the imagination only.

But further still, it is expressly stated by Philostratus, though M. Letronne was the first to notice it, as bearing on this question, that Philostratus does not profess to give this description on his own authority, but quotes the words of Damis, who was a writer in Assyria a century and a half before. The account which Philostratus, still following Damis, proceeds to give of the first cataract, may vie for its inaccuracy with his account of the Memnon. Here he says the Nile is flowing among mountains, like to those of Tmolus, in Lydia, from which its waters dash down with so prodigious a noise, that many persons who approached them nearly, have lost in consequence all power of hearing. May we not then upon the whole adopt the judgment of M. Chassang, the last translator of the "Life of Apollonius"? "*Tout porte à croire que cette description de la statue de Memnon n'est qu'une amplification de rhétorique.*"

If, as the ancients did, we were to regard the voice of Memnon as a miracle — as the manifestation of a godhead to man — we must own that not many miracles could be better attested. We should have in its support an unbroken chain of testimonies, derived from the most various sources, and extending over scores of years. But in this case the light of modern science has supplied a natural and simple explanation. "*On sait que cette découverte est due à notre illustre Letronne,*" — such are the words of M. Gaston Boissier. But in spite of this positive *on sait*, we will venture to assert that no such thing is known, for no such thing is true. Even for ourselves, the writers in this review, we may claim precedence in the explanation over M. Letronne. And this the following dates will clearly show.

The volume of M. Letronne on this subject appeared in 1833. We of the *Quarterly*, on the other hand, in our eighty-eighth number, published in February, 1831, were reviewing Herschel's "Treatise on Sound." Nor will it be any breach of confidence, after so long an interval, to state that this article was contributed by one of the foremost men

of science in his day — by Mr., since Sir David, Brewster.

In his article then upon Herschel, Sir David took occasion to advert, though not at length, to the case of the statue of Memnon. Here are the words he used: "We have no hesitation in avowing our belief that the sound or sounds which it [the statue of Memnon] discharged were the offspring of a natural cause." In common with some travellers, whom we alleged, we "ascribed these sounds to the transmission of rarefied air through the crevices of a sonorous stone." And he adds: "The phenomenon proceeded without doubt from the sudden change of temperature which takes place at the rising of the sun."

It is plain, we may now subjoin, that in such a case the phenomenon could not be uniform or constant, but would depend on the varying conditions of temperature or season.

In the same article we proceeded to point out that this is no solitary instance. There are several other well-attested cases of musical sounds which issue at sunrise from the like crevices, and which are explained by the same cause. Above all, we quoted the observations of the celebrated traveller, Baron Humboldt, when wandering on the banks of the Oronooko: "The granite rock," he says, "on which we lay is one of those where travellers on the Oronooko have heard from time to time towards sunrise subterranean sounds resembling those of the organ. The missionaries call these stones *lozas de musica*. 'It is witch-craft,' said our young Indian pilot. . . . But the existence of a phenomenon that seems to depend on a certain state of the atmosphere cannot be denied. The shelves of rock are full of very narrow and deep crevices. They are heated during the day to about 50°. I often found their temperature at the surface during the night at 30°. It may easily be conceived that the difference of temperature between the subterranean and the external air would attain its *maximum* about sunrise, or at that moment which is at the same time farthest from the period of the *maximum* of the heat of the preceding day."

Nor did the acute mind of Humboldt fail to notice, even though very vaguely, the close connection between this case and that of the Theban colossus. For he goes on to ask: "May we not admit that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, in

passing incessantly up and down the Nile, had made the same observation on some rock of the Thebaid, and that the music of the rocks there led to the jugglery of the priests in the statue of Memnon?"

In the same article we also called attention to the analogous phenomena among the sandstone rocks of El Nakous, in Arabia Petræa. But without quitting the soil of Egypt, or even the neighbourhood of Thebes, a striking parallel can be adduced. We called as witnesses three French artists, Messrs. Jomard, Jollois, and Devilliers, who state that, being in a monument of granite placed in the centre of the spot on which the palace of Karnak stood, they heard a noise which resembled that of a chord breaking—the very comparison employed by Pausanias—issue from the blocks at sunrise. And they were of opinion that these sounds "might," in their own words, "have suggested to the Egyptian priests to invent the juggleries of the Memnonium." The fact indeed may be taken as now accepted and admitted by men of science. It is no longer, we think, doubted in any quarter that the action of the morning sun on the chilled air in the crevices of rock may and does produce the same effect as was observed in the statue of Memnon.

We would observe, that although in this explanation we claim priority over M. Letronne, we most cheerfully accord it to Baron Humboldt and to the other explorers, whose remarks we have transcribed. Still earlier precedence is due to M. Dussaulx, the French translator of Juvenal, who was the first, we rather think, to suggest the true theory of the *magica chordæ* in his author.

It is also to be noted that M. Letronne himself never made that claim of priority which his countryman has thought fit to make in his behalf. On the contrary, he expressly quoted in his margin our article of February, 1831, and derived from it the remarkable account by Baron Humboldt of the Oronooko sounds. His industry has also collected some further parallel cases—one, for instance, near the Maladetta mountain in the Pyrenees—and devoting a whole volume, instead of a mere digression in a quarterly-article, to this subject, he has treated it in a most complete and convincing manner, with which our own cursory remarks could never pretend to vie.

Admitting then, as no one seems at present to deny, that the phenomenon of

the Theban colossus was produced by the vibration of the air, the question would still remain whether, as some persons persistently assert, "the jugglery of the priests," as they term it, was at all concerned. As we have already stated, we are convinced that it was not. Let it, in the first place, be considered that there is no hiding-place or secret chamber in or near the statue; and that without the aid of these, it seems impossible that the voice of Memnon could be either promoted or restrained. Secondly, had the priests really possessed any such power of promoting the miraculous voice, they would certainly have used it in behalf of the great and powerful—of those whose favour they desired to gain. How then could we explain the fact that the wife of a prefect of Egypt was allowed to make two visits without hearing the desired sound; that in like manner the consort of an emperor came for the first time in vain, to her great displeasure and at the risk of her resentment; while a common soldier has put on record that he enjoyed the privilege no less than thirteen times?

The latest inscription that bears a date upon the statue is by Marcus Ulpius Primianus, prefect of Egypt, in the second consulship of Septimius Severus, and in the year of our Lord 194; and the restoration of the statue was, in all probability, made a few years afterwards. In its mutilated state, the lower half from which the voice proceeded was part of the original monolith; when restored, or rather rebuilt, that lower half bore, as it still bears upon it, five ranges of enormous blocks of stone. The magnitude and cost of this construction must be held to indicate an emperor's work, and the result of an emperor's visit. Now since the time of Hadrian, no emperor, except Septimius Severus, ever came to Upper Egypt. His biographer, Spartianus, records of him that "he carefully examined Memphis, the Pyramids, the Labyrinth, and Memnon."

Such being the fact, it cannot but be thought surprising that while there are so many inscriptions on the base of the colossus to commemorate the visit of Hadrian, not a single one appears to commemorate the visit of Severus. As is argued by M. Letronne, there is only one explanation that can be assigned as satisfactory or sufficient to account for the omission—namely, to presume that when Severus came to the statue it remained obstinately dumb. These in-

scriptions, it should be remembered, were never put up when there was a failure in the sound, unless in the case when the first failures were followed by success.

It may also be inferred, with considerable probability, that the silence of the statue in the august presence was the cause of its reconstruction. Severus was a sincere and zealous pagan; and he lived in an age when the adherents of the old mythology, alarmed at the progress of the Christians, strove hard to regain the public confidence and favour. It was during his reign that the main attempt was made to hold forth Apollonius, of Tyana, as a worker of wonders and religious teacher, in opposition to our Lord. In like manner the voice of Memnon, as a pagan prodigy, was esteemed a counterpoise to the Christian miracles. The priests and devotees, as M. Boissier puts it, would assure Severus that since Memnon even in his mutilated state gave his greeting often, though not quite so often as he ought, his voice would certainly become both more distinct and more unfailling if once his statue were restored. This is no mere vague conjecture of the popular belief. Several of the inscriptions on the base express or imply the idea that Memnon, when entire, could speak in language, but since his mutilation, was reduced to inarticulate sounds.

But there is yet another point of view from which the emperor might be urged. The silence of the statue denoted the displeasure of the gods. Did it not, then, become a devout worshipper, such as was Severus, to take some step for removing that displeasure? Should he not appease the offended deity by a splendid reconstruction of his statue?

Yielding, perhaps—for there is no positive statement on the subject—to some such representations, the emperor gave orders for the costly work required. But alas for the result! In his new construction he, of course, filled up the ancient crevices, and in consequence silenced Memnon forever. Aurora continued to rise as usual, but received no further greetings from her son.

We have thus endeavoured to trace the varied fortunes, the rise and the fall, of this celebrated prodigy. Well pleased shall we be if any future traveller, as in his Nile-boat he hears that majestic monument, shall feel that he owes to our pages a more accurate knowledge of its history, and a warmer interest in its survey.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MISS ANGEL.

CHAPTER XXI.

"MUSICIANS WAITING; ENTER SERVANTS."

LADY W. had not spared thought and trouble to make her ball go off with all brilliancy of wax and fire, of minuet and country-dance, of beauty dressed to best advantage, and music playing in time to dignified graces; servants without number were standing about the doors, displaying their masters' gold-braided ambitions and bright-coloured liveries. De Horn's green lacqueys were conspicuous among them; they carried wands in their hands and wore huge nosebags. The park was lighted by torches, lamps were hanging along the avenues that led to the house. A crowd stood outside the iron gates, cheering occasionally as the long names and the splendours and persons belonging to each came driving up. I think people were less *blasé* then than they are now, and thought more seriously upon certain subjects. Dancing, for instance, and powdering, and postures took up a great deal of time; so did conversation and correspondence—of all of which exercises our own generation seems somewhat impatient, as it hurries on its way curtailing with small ceremony.

Miss Angel started in her grand equipage to take her part in all the state ceremonies, and her father put on his old cloak and prepared to follow into the crowd to have the glory of seeing his child pass into the paradise of lords. The Princess of Brunswick was to be there and other great personages. Little Rosa begged so hard to be allowed to go too, that as it was a fine November night shining with many stars and crossed by no chill winds, the old man consented to it, and the little girl started clinging to his hand and dancing with delight along the pavement. I suppose to one or two people present or in the crowd within or without every ball is delightful; certainly little Rosa in her outer darkness was as happy as any of the splendid and lighted-up ladies within—far happier than Angel herself, who had come in a strange and depressed state of mind.

By degrees (it often happens after depression), her spirits rose wildly. If a new gown, plenty of music, smooth polished floors, admiration, and half-a-dozen

persons at her elbow, could make her happy, these elements were not wanting. Antonio was gone, Mr. Reynolds had left her, but all these vanities remained. People talk of fleeting worldiness; it seemed to be the one thing that she could count upon. Friendship left her in a fury; love made a speech and walked out of the room; but here was faithful vanity, and amenities unchanging; here were partners and compliments, here was De Horn unremitting in courteous attention. Since other things were not for her, she would take what she could hold. Was frivolity a divine goddess after all? was this to be the experience of her life, to find divinity in one thing after another? At times during that eventful evening Miss Angel's laughter and spirits were almost wild, but at others she drooped. There was anxiety in the air; the secret feelings of the last few months seemed mingling with the scene before her. Almost the first person she saw as she came into the room was Mr. Reynolds, talking to one of the beautiful Ladies Waldegrave. He came up to her, held out his hand with a gentle deprecating look. She hardly knew how to respond; there was a dazzle of lights before her eyes, of music in her ears. She turned away quickly, and just realized the fact that Lady Diana, who was in crimson and looking greatly bored, was beckoning to her to come and stand by her side.

From their corner the two ladies could see into the great dining-room, which had been decorated and turned into a dancing-hall. An arch had been opened into the little octagon room, Miss Angel's late retreat.

Her bedroom had been transformed into a retiring-boudoir, with lamps and low divans; almost all the windows were unshuttered, and the lights on the terrace without, and the shouts of the bystanders, seemed to make a fiery circle and outer incantation to the glittering magic within. There is a picture by Stothard of a court-ball in those days, delicately and charmingly indicated. There is a sweeping and measured calm in all the brilliance, a high-bred grace and composure. Lady W.'s ball was remarkable for this mixture of brightness and grave restraining sense of high dignity present.

The country-dances were performed with great spirit. Angelica danced twice with M. de Horn, who came and reminded her that she was promised as she

stood by Lady Di. De Horn's dancing was celebrated for its excellence. He was stately, composed, graceful, moving his long limbs with a sort of careless ease. When dancing, he seemed quite different from the somewhat conscious person he appeared under ordinary circumstances. His ear for music must have been remarkable; and the whole glittering set of country-dancers seemed to be inspirited and kept to the measure by this one man's performance. They swayed and bowed, and stamped their high heels; the swords swung, the gentlemen's gold embroideries, which they shared with their lacqueys, twinkled; the stately lady figures rose and sank, and pointed their satin toes. De Horn among them all, in his black and silver, seemed to beat his own time and to keep the music itself in measure. Angelica made no secret of her pleasure in his performance. When excellence reaches a certain point, even dancing becomes a fine art, and ceases to be a personal display to real artistic natures. Perhaps this may have been a small fine art, but it was all in all for the moment; and when De Horn's glance sought Angelica's after one of their complicated evolutions, she gave a bright and unqualified look of approval and interest.

Mr. Reynolds was still standing not far off, and he saw her glance, and then he looked down at his shoebuckles, feeling as if he had no right to watch Angelica's expressions or movements any more. That look seemed to tell him he had been right to absolve his conscience. She was a ghost to him—that beautiful living woman, with the light of youth in her eyes, of interest and fine intelligence. Mr. Reynolds was gone when De Horn conducted her back to her place by Lady Di. He remained by her side, not talking exactly, for he was a *personnage muet*, and depended more upon his legs than his wits for the favour he received from the world. He stood listening to Angelica's talk with everybody else, and putting in a word every now and then more or less to the purpose.

"What a stupid man De Horn is!" said Lady Di once, when he had moved away, called off by some acquaintance. "I cannot imagine him the hero I am assured he is. They say he fought with wonderful courage at Hastenbeck a year ago. He does not look warlike now."

"Do you not think so?" said the Kauffmann. "I think the man is a very good specimen of a human being."

Was it magnetism and force of will by which De Horn made his way? It was some curious power he had of making others half interested, half afraid. Angelica dimly felt that she was in danger. He still seemed with her, even when she was talking to others. Goethe tells Eckermann about attractive and repulsive powers belonging to human beings as they walk in mysteries. It must have been some magnetic powers in De Horn which imposed upon so many.

As the handsome couple stood side by side they commanded a view of the brilliant company in the blazing hall and on the staircase drawn up to receive the Princess of Brunswick and the Duke of Cumberland, who had arrived in state. The heads bend in long line, the curtsies vie in depth and sweep: the procession sweeps on, the buzz of voices rises afresh.

Two people begin talking in the crowd of the *Daily Courant*, a newspaper which has just come out.

"Its news is not of the latest," says one of the speakers, turning to De Horn; "it announces Count de Horn's expected arrival in London *viâ* Paris and Dover. It is three months after date in its intelligence."

"Is he coming?" said De Horn, with a start.

"He — who?" said the other, and De Horn seemed suddenly to remember to burst out laughing.

Angelica, preoccupied as she was, could not help wondering at the agitation this little incident seemed to produce in her partner. He presently asked her if she did not feel the heat. Would she not come nearer an open window?

"Are you ill? Pray do not think of me," she said, for she saw that he was deadly pale. But he would not leave her. He seemed to detain her, by mere force of will to keep her apart from the rest of the company.

He began talking as he had never done before. "Ah! that you were in my own rank of life!" he said once; "but what matters rank and difficulty where there is wit and courage and true love?"

She became more and more uneasy, as his manner grew more free. He followed her everywhere from room to room, into the supper-room at last, where he handed some refreshment she had asked for across a table, saying, "Let me serve you, madam. Ah! you are fortunate; here in this country you have no vexing restrictions, as with us. Before I left Sweden, a friend of mine was summoned

before the magistrates for having taken a cup of chocolate in her box at the play. She was condemned to a week's imprisonment and a heavy fine."

"Is it possible?" cried Angelica. "I should be sorry to pay such a price for a cup of chocolate." (Alas! poor woman, she had to pay a heavier price than this for that which Count de Horn was now handing to her.)

"Our laws are of extraordinary severity," cried the count. "I myself have, I fear —" He broke off abruptly. "Will you come back to the dancing-room?" he said, and he looked at her with one of those strange uncertain glances.

As De Horn's agitation grew, Angelica felt her own insensibly increase. She became more and more afraid, and once when he had been called away by one of the Princess of Brunswick's attendant pages, she precipitately engaged herself to Lord W., who happened to be standing near.

But fate seemed to interfere. Lady W. came up with a "No, W., you must *not* dance with Kauffmann. I know how much you would like to do so; but there is the Princess of Brunswick waiting to be taken in to supper. Here is Count de Horn, who will, I am sure, supply your place."

She was gone, and once more Angelica found her fingers in the grasp of the very hand she was trying to avoid. His fingers held hers so strangely, closing with a firm light pressure, that she seemed unable to resist. "Here is a seat by the window," she said, trying to avoid him, and with a sort of smile she withdrew her hand in an unconcerned way, talking of something else all the while; but again she happened to meet the look of his strange penetrating eyes as she glanced up; it seemed to her as if his glance held her as firmly as his closing fingers.

Old John Joseph was in the crowd outside, and had managed to creep with little Rosa through the barriers. As they stood on the terrace of the garden, they saw, to their delight, Angelica go by in her brilliance, escorted by this magnificent squire.

"How white she looks, grandpapa!" said little Rosa; "is she frightened all alone?"

"She is not all alone; that great *signor* is talking to her," said John Joseph. "Praised be heaven, that I see my child honoured as she deserves; all are acknowledging her rights. See, Rosa, they are looking for her, she receives a mes-

sage, she is led across. Rosa! It is one of the princess's pages who has been sent for her," cried old John Joseph, clasping his hands and creeping up closer and closer to the window and trampling the flower-bed to behold the apotheosis of his Angel as she is conducted to the great chair where the princess is sitting in state.

"People are coming this way. Come quick," whispers little Rosa, pulling at his coat-tails. They are a timid pair, and the burst of voices frightens them, and the two creep off carefully, and, unperceived, slide along the rails and come out away into the street.

They find their way home, through dark moonlit streets, to the house where the tired servants are sleeping.

Soon little Rosa, too, is dreaming of moonlight and of music.

Old John Joseph lights his pipe and sits down contentedly in the great chair in the parlour, waiting until Angel should return; he opens the window to hear her first summons.

Long, warm, dark hours pass, and he nods sleepily in his place, all wrapped in his cloak. The open window lets in the first light of dawn, the birds begin to chirp crisply in the chill serenity.

The dawning light shines upon the ball, and upon the dancers still untiringly pursuing their mazes. It shines upon a woman who has come out from the hot glaring room, with its straining music and oppressive scent of burning wax, into the dim grey garden where the trees just rustle in the dawn, and the sparrows are whistling their early chorus with fresh precision.

All that night Angelica had felt unnaturally wound up, excited, agitated. This dim cool light seemed to call her back to rest, to tranquil mind, to reality of heart and feeling. Her dress gleamed white among shadows. Some silver cloud was drifting overhead.

Some one saw her go from the room, and came pursuing her steps. It seemed impossible to avoid De Horn, who now followed her along the twilight path. "Why do you come?" she cried exasperated; "do not you see that I would avoid you?"

"Why do I come?" said De Horn. "Madam, I have much to say to you. My happiness, my liberty, my life are in your hands. I have had news to-night—news that overwhelms me. I am in dire disgrace. My estates and my life may be

forfeit. You alone can save me, save me from despair."

Angelica turned her wondering looks. She saw he was in earnest; he looked ghastly.

"The queen would listen to you," he cried. "Did you not see the princess smile as she gave you her Majesty's message and summons to Windsor? Your influence would save me," he repeated.

"Indeed I will do anything," faltered Angelica, greatly moved; "but you overrate, you entirely mistake."

"I do not overrate anything," he said, approaching his anxious face to hers, and through the dim twilight his great black eyes gleamed, and, as the light increased, she saw more plainly the lines of care and almost terror in his face. Then, before she could prevent him, he fell upon his knees and caught hold of her skirts with his two hands as he spoke.

"You have influence upon all whom you approach; you could obtain grace for your husband," he cried, "if not for me. Oh, Angel, be that which you are, a generous and noble-hearted woman. Give me my life! I love you to distraction, you see it, you know it. If you have one womanly feeling, one pitiful thought for a wretch in torment, you could save me, you alone." And he struck his breast.

"Oh! no, no," said Angel, doubting, not knowing how to answer, how to escape.

He went on passionately entreating, and she, bewildered, excited, let him go on, listened with rising agitation, melted as she listened, grew interested against her own conviction, and suddenly, the spell of the moment, the passionate petition, her own yielding nature, all overcame her: some wave seemed to flow over her head, and it seemed to her as if it was no new thing; but as if that voice had been pleading and pleading from the very beginning of life, as if all her coldness and indifference were cruelty and selfishness, and as if some conviction had come to her, that he *must* be saved at any price, she alone must save him.

Suddenly, very suddenly, very quietly, she yielded, agreed to everything, to anything he asked. She would meet him next day at the little Catholic chapel out of Manchester Square. He could hardly believe it as she spoke, hardly believe that his prize was so easily won. She would keep the secret, and as she said so he seized her hand and kissed it again.

and again. "Oh, you could not deceive me!" he cried.

If any one were to suspect his marriage—such were the laws of Sweden, De Horn assured her—he would be immediately carried off, imprisoned perhaps for life; "but you, my treasure, my Angel of deliverance, under the shadow of your pure wings I shall be safe." He seemed almost overpowered, and for a moment Angelica lost courage.

But she made no opposition, when De Horn seized her hand, and pulled Lady W.'s little ring off her finger.

"This is a pledge of your truth and goodness; you dare not fail me now." Though his words were harsh, his looks were melting; they seemed to appeal to her very heart. She could not speak, but bent her head in assent. When she looked up De Horn was hastily escaping along a shadowy path; for one instant he stopped, waved farewell, and pointed towards the house, from whence a whole stream of dancers now issued.

The sun rose over the houses, a glittering stream of gold fell upon Angelica in her silver dress. As she turned to meet the company, she seemed on fire, advancing radiant and excited. How much are omens worth?

Poor Angel! hitherto people had reproached her with lightness of nature. Henceforward the burden of life lay heavy enough to satisfy her most envious detractors.

CHAPTER XXII.

I MIGHT FORGET MY WEAKER LOT.

ANGELICA had little knowledge of character. She was too much absorbed in her own impressions to receive very definite images of the minds of the people she lived among. She could scarcely understand how events appeared to them. For some hours she lay still upon her bed, living over and over again the strange experiences that had come to her. It seemed to her as if she alone were concerned in all. Then at last she fell into a deep sleep, from which all emotion, all fear, all regret had passed away. She only awakened to hear her father's voice softly calling her from the room outside.

"Angelica, Angelica, my child!"

"Yes, father," answered Angel with a sigh, awakening.

The door was locked, and she did not uncloset it.

"I hear that Zucchi is in town, preparing for a journey to Italy," said old

Kauffmann through the chink. Will you come with me, Angelica, and bid farewell to that misguided young man?"

"I am tired, father," said Angelica; "cannot he come and see us as usual?"

"I have been at his lodgings," continued old Kauffmann mysteriously. "I cannot persuade him to come, Angelica. You, my child, have more influence than I over that hog-headed youth. Haste! haste! dress thyself, and come with thy old father. I want to hear of last night. What did they say to thee? they did not ask after thy old father, Angelica?"

"I cannot go out; I am busy this morning," said Angel from within: she had now risen and was coming and going about the room.

She was determined not to be absent that morning; De Horn might come; a message might come. What was this strange new state of mind in which she did not dare to face her father? She found that she dreaded meeting him. The thought of seeing Antonio, also, frightened her: she felt as if he would read her very heart in one glance.

Old Kauffmann was surprised that his daughter should venture to be obstinate. His temper had been ruffled by Zucchi's reception. He had already visited him that morning. The young man was busy packing; winding up his affairs, seeing to many details. Old Kauffmann's reproachful reconciliation rather bored him than otherwise. Zucchi was preoccupied, depressed by his father's death, hurrying to his brothers and sisters. Old Kauffmann, with his martyr-like airs, vexed him. His moral aphorisms about resignation, his long descriptions of his own household prosperity and elevation, were not calculated to put Antonio into better spirits. Old Kauffmann perceived that something was amiss. And so he had determined that Angelica must come herself to the rescue. But Angelica is also obstinate, will not open, and calls out from time to time, "I am coming, father. Dear father, do not knock so loud. Let me dress in peace."

"Do I disturb your peace? Is this the way you speak to your father?" shouts the old fellow, more and more irate and vexed by every moment's delay. "After my years of care, of self-denial, after the education I have bestowed upon you, with efforts scarcely to be told," he says, raising his voice, for he hears footsteps approaching, and is glad of an audience to his wrongs—"is this the way to treat your father, whose

long sacrifices came to the very notice of the lord cardinal? Ungrateful child, where is your obedience? why do you refuse to accompany me on this visit of reconciliation and farewell?"

Then he looked round to see who had come in, and what the effect of his eloquence had been upon the visitor; was it Antonio after all? Antonio at that moment was far away in spirit. Could Angelica have seen his heart as it was then it might have added a pang to the moment. How bitterly did he reproach himself afterwards for his indifference and failure at this critical time! Some phase had come over him. Weariness of waiting, conviction of the hopelessness of his dreams; for the first time vivid personal preoccupations had come to separate him from Angelica's interests. It was not Antonio but De Horn who walked in upon Kauffmann's recriminations. He found him with his long blue coat-tails flying, and his nose against Angelica's panel.

"Ungrateful child!" the old father shouts with renewed eloquence. "What an example for thy little innocent cousin Rosa, my dead brother's only daughter—a legacy to our tenderness," and then Angelica from within hears a second voice and a change of tone in old John Joseph. Her heart beats faster than ever. It is De Horn already come. Come—for what? Her trembling fingers tangle the strings. She can hardly fasten her dress, pin on the great flapping cap, beneath which her eyes shine so brightly; hook the band round her waist: somehow or other she is ready at last, she flings open her window for a breath of air, and then with shaking hands unlocks her door and comes forth. The studio is all full of sunshine. It is late in the morning and the sun is high.

De Horn bows low as she appears. He is standing in the window with her father.

Old Kauffmann had been for the last few minutes escorting the count from portfolio to portfolio, exhibiting Angelica's performances with a running commentary of his own, diving into portfolios, and all the while secretly calculating the possible sum to which De Horn would go for orders. "Here is your Excellency's own suggestion, *Garte à fous*" (so he pronounced it), "rendered by my naughty inspired one. That one, possessed with such gifts of heaven, should prove rebellious to her father's expressed desire, is indeed a lesson to all." Then seeing

Angelica's worn looks, he cried, "Thou art pale, my child. Why didst thou not tell me thou wert tired?" and old Kauffmann, with real tenderness, went hurrying up to her and took her listless hand.

"'Tis nothing, father, only last night's excitement," she answered.

Then she stood silent. She could not look at the count, but turned her head away.

He advanced slowly and was silent for an instant.

"I came, madam, according to our appointment, to invite you to visit Lord Henry's gallery of pictures," said De Horn, at last, with a keen expressive glance, which made Angelica's cheeks blush crimson.

"Ah, now she is looking better," said old Kauffmann, eagerly. "Go, my child, go with his Excellency. Why didst thou not explain? . . . A walk will do thee good. I will return to that ingrate. Where is the sketch for her Majesty's portrait, Angelica. The count is anxious to see it. We think of representing the queen as Venus awakening the sleeping arts of England. The idea seems to me worthy of our great Dante himself."

Then he went on talking of the ball, of the princess, of the brilliant scene of his Angel's triumph the night before; then he said he should delay no longer, but return at once to Zucchi at his lodging. "It is better to forget the past; Antonio is a young man who owes almost everything to our protection; he has proved himself an ingrate, but that is no reason to give him up altogether," said old Kauffmann. Angelica did not hear a word he said. She saw him put on his cloak, look about in the corner of the room for his stick, take his three-cornered hat and go off, calling to little Rosa who was at play down below. Angelica, in her state of suppressed excitement and nervousness, was at once terrified to be alone with De Horn, and, longing for some further explanation, some greater certainty, she did not want to face what was before her. She tried to forget everything in the present. The present was this unknown person, so familiar, already so mysterious. The present was her own studio, her own beating heart, her pictures in every corner, the dreams, and the allegories, and the fanciful bedizenments of the truth.

People are sometimes distraught and driven on by unaccountable impulses. These two people seemed possessed; it

is impossible to say what was real, what mere illusion in their relation. "I have brought you back your ring," said the count, quickly; "come, there is no time to be lost. I have made all arrangements. Will you come?" he repeated, and he took both her hands and looked at her with his deep eyes.

"Do you remember the day we first met?" De Horn continued, gazing at her fixedly. "Some strange presentiment drew me in your steps. I followed you in my gondola; I watched you as you passed from picture to picture in the Doge's Palace. Angelica, from the first moment I knew you, I had a presentiment how it would end; even when you left Venice, I knew I should see you again."

"Lady Diana had a presentiment too, I suppose," said Angelica, recovering a little and speaking with a gentle laugh.

De Horn turned white, then black. "I was mad. I am in earnest now," he said. Then eagerly, "Don't delay, pray do not delay! The time is running short; the priest is waiting; you have promised; you, Angelica, are not of those who deceive."

"I hope not," said she, clasping her hands.

Angelica went stubbornly into her room, dressed herself, pulled on her silk hood, the broad frills fell over her face. Then she came out and returned to his studio, where De Horn was waiting gazing at her picture: he sprang forward with two long strides. "Are you ready?" he said. "My good Angel! my preserver! my idol!" So he called her. His love-making was somewhat to order, somewhat mechanical, so she afterwards felt. At the time she was in a state of such strange excitement that she did not very clearly know what he said. She only knew that this was some one who was grateful for her favours, some one in trouble whom she could serve; that by serving him she best served herself.

Here was a protector able and willing to help her. Henceforth she should have her own standing-place in the world; no longer to be tossed to and fro by variable tides, no longer be dependent upon the chance favours of fashion, of patrons, upon their humours and fancies. She should have some one to turn to whose right it would be to defend her, some one noble, generous, gentle, the prince of her wildest dreams. People might blame, let them blame; she had a *right*, as other women had, to be loved,

to give happiness, and to receive it; who should dare interfere?

Little Rosa saw them as they started and came running up. "Grandpapa did not take me with him. May I come with you, cousin?" she asked, taking Angel's hand.

Angelica held the little fingers tight in hers for an instant, and looked up at De Horn, who shook his head impatiently. "Go back, child," she answered, with a soft kiss; "I shall not be long away from you." She remembered the words afterwards, and they seemed to her significant.

The child looked up wondering as they walked away along the sunshiny pavement, then they and their shadows crossed the angle of the square and disappeared behind the railings—the light drifting figure, the tall black man with his sword and his cocked-hat.

De Horn appeared impassive as usual, but secretly he was in a fume of impatience. They were not safe until they had reached the church. They walked quickly and in silence. Angelica scarcely knew how to speak to him; once she felt inclined to turn back: they were passing the house where Zucchi lodged, some scarce-controllable impulse made her stop; but as she hesitated she looked in her companion's face, and that one glance showed her it was too late. He pulled her hand through his arm, and she knew that she was glad it was too late.

Everybody knows how strangely all the things that people have been and felt and loved sometimes, almost from very vividness seem to lose their separate existence in our mind. The images grow confused, and we know what we fear and hope without realizing why or how. Angelica was in some such state as she hurried on with De Horn.

The people along the street made way for them as they hastened past. No one seemed to notice them particularly; she saw the common story of every day—the fishwives shouting their wares, the coaches rolling, the windows opening and shutting; they also met a ghastly procession on its way to Tyburn, with a crowd hurrying along. De Horn turned pale, drew her closer to him and hurried away down a side street. They stopped at last at the low doorway in a passage out of Spanish Place. Afterwards Angelica remembered that a great carriage went by just then; as it passed she saw the harness glittering in the sun.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIGN.

IN supreme moments of life people notice many things unconnected with the circumstance that is impending. Angel ever after remembered the stupid little details of that morning's walk, and the sight of the glittering of harness in the sunshine would give her some odd feeling of mingled shame and regret, so did the swing of a curtain at times when it took a certain fold. De Horn held up the old curtain that swung before the chapel-door, and she walked in with her hand upon his arm. It was a warm, sunshiny morning, the streaks of dusty light reached to the altar, where a priest was standing with an open book, and the two chorister-boys were in attendance. Now-a-days such a thing could not be, even then it was scarcely possible; but chance and opportunity helped De Horn. He had met the priest, perhaps the only man in London who would have served his purpose, and his evil genius had not failed him yet.

The ceremony began, and then Angel finds herself before the altar, looking at the darkened picture of Mary Mediatrix with the stabbed heart in flames. And the priest reads on, and the words of fate echo through the chapel, and the dream is dreamed out—a dream of blessing, a dream of prayer, a dream of peace never to be fulfilled. The whole thing seems so real, and is so baseless a fabric, a semblance only of what might have been so true for both these people. The prayers beat against the walls with chill echoes, the little choristers swing their incense; outside in the street the people are passing on their daily business. A woman seeing the door open comes in and kneels in a quiet corner of the chapel; the count started and looked round uneasily, hearing footsteps; then, reassured, he turned his dark eyes, not without some expression of feeling, upon the bent head by his side. And then the priest's voice ceases at last, and the boys give a parting swing to their censers. It is over; the blessing is spoken in Latin, reluctantly enough and inefficaciously enough, to vindicate the power of all true benedictions.

"You have yet to sign," said the priest hoarsely; he was an oldish man, and seemed ill and scarce able to stand. More than once his voice had faltered as he read the service. He came slowly down the steps of the altar and led the

way to the vestry. There, after taking off his robe and slipping on his common daily vestment, he fetched a great book from a closet, and made them sign *Fredrick De Horn — Angelica Kauffmann* in the ruled place in the long column.

Angelica, incautious, incomplete, loving-hearted, went on acting in this dream as if it were all a reality, and looked up smiling with her eyes full of tears. "You see I have done as you wished," she said. And the stranger she had so imprudently trusted, forgetting for one instant that it was but a semblance of a shadow, broke out into some vehement and almost tender protestations of affection and unalterable fidelity.

Then he turned, still holding her hand, and whispered something to the priest and slipped some money into his palm. The priest seemed to demur, to ask for something more.

De Horn looked vexed. Angelica was still absorbed and not very observant.

"Have you a purse?" said De Horn to her; "in my agitation I have forgotten mine."

Angelica fumbled in her pocket and put her little purse with its hard-earned guineas into his hand with a low laugh.

"I did not know it cost so much to get married," she said gaily.

"This is an unusual marriage," the priest replied, knitting his brows; "the fees are very heavy, and there may be more to pay."

Then arm in arm the new-married pair walked down the aisle in silence; there was no triumph of music and friendship to escort them, but they heeded it not, and they came to the doorway where the curtain was swinging. Again De Horn lifted it, for his bride to pass under, and stepped back into the shadow as he did so. She, with her radiant, beaming face, stepped out into the sunshiny street, and at that moment by some strange chance a lady crossing the road followed by her footman, came face to face with the new-made bride. Angelica stopped, turned white, then crimson.

"You! Angelica, I am in good luck to meet you," cried Lady Diana, for it was she. "What, have you been confessing to your priest? Why do you look so amazed, child?"

"How did—how came you here?" faltered Angelica.

"I have a cousin living in Manchester Square. Lady W. set me down just now, and the day was so fine that I determined to walk home," said Diana, smil-

ing. "I did not expect to find such good company along the road."

Lady Diana seemed to take it for granted that Angelica would walk back with her, and began to move onwards at an easy pace. Angelica lingered and looked round anxiously and bewildered. De Horn had not come out. Lady Diana remembered afterwards how strange her manner had been.

"Could you—could you wait here," said Angelica, with a little cry, in great agitation. "Don't—don't come in with me. I will—my confessor." She pushed against the leather curtain and rushed into the chapel again, trembling lest Diana should follow. The place was quite empty now, no one was praying or being married at the altar, all the lights were out. De Horn was not there. She crossed, calling him once or twice gently, and reached the door of the vestry where they had signed the papers a few minutes before. As she came along Angelica heard voices, those of De Horn and the priest who had married them. Were they angry? Surely she heard wrongly?

"If you dare," said De Horn; but as she opened the door she found herself almost in his arms. "Is she gone, my Angel?" he cried in a different tone.

"Lady Diana is waiting; shall I tell her? oh, may I tell her all?" said Angelica imploringly.

"Not now, not now," he answered emphatically. "Good heaven! do you know that my very life may be forfeited if you do not keep my secret?" Then he gently put her away. "Go back now," he said; "go with her, it will prevent suspicion. I will make my arrangements; leave all to me. I shall follow you to Windsor. As soon as it is safe for me to speak, the whole world shall be aware of my happiness. Go now, Angel of my life. She might suspect if you delay," he said in great agitation, as he led her gently towards the door; and somehow Angel found herself alone, quite alone in the dim chapel once more, with a strange sinking of heart. She heard Lady Di's straggling footsteps coming in search of her.

"Is he gone?" said Lady Di, slipping her hand into her friend's arm.

"He, who?" faltered Angelica. "What do you mean?"

"Did you not tell me that you were looking for your confessor?" said the other lady. "Ah! child, I fear that for some people there are many things to confess after a ball," and she smiled and

then sighed a little sadly. Then, as they came away, she went on talking more seriously, saying that for her part she was glad to have been born a Protestant in a Protestant country. "I could not endure," she said, "to feel myself in the bondage of another person's will; perhaps that is why I have remained protesting," she said, "neglected, but free."

Angelica scarcely listened as Lady Di talked on; it was with difficulty she could bring herself to answer. No wonder that she was absorbed in her own affairs. She had thrown herself into her part, with all her fervour of nature; this strange future did not frighten her, although her heart beat with some vague alarm. Should she be able to do her duty by her husband? She was not afraid, nor did she fear for her father. Surely, surely, she should be able to make his happiness still. Was it not her special gift to make those happy whom she loved? Where had Lady Diana wandered in her talk? . . .

"Dear Angelica," she was saying, "you must forgive me now if I say something to you which has often been upon my lips. There is one person who frightens me for you—one person who haunts your steps. I could not help noticing his manner the night of our ball. There is something about that man—something false, believe me. I would not trust him with any one or any thing I prized."

"How suspicious people are," cried Angelica, firing up passionately; "how uncharitable in their judgments! What has Count de Horn done to you or me but kindness? How, how can you speak so cruelly?" All her pent-up agitation broke into tears of excitement. Lady Diana was not a little indignant with her for her childishness.

"You are perfectly absurd," said that plain-spoken lady. "I have little patience, as you know, with affectation. What is Count de Horn to you or to me, that we should quarrel about him?" They had reached the door of Angelica's own house by this time. Wearing out and overexcited, the poor bride pulled the bell, and, when her servant came, rushed in without a word, without bidding her friend farewell, brushing past her father on the stair, and once more ran into her own room and locked herself in, in a passion of tears and excitement.

But this storm did not last long. In an hour she had recovered, and came out and joined her two companions. She

might be silent to them of what had passed, but she would condescend to no small deceptions, so she determined. Yes, she had been crying. "Never mind, father," she repeated, clinging to him for an instant; "it is no real trouble affects me. I know not," she added, "whether it is happiness or sorrow." She said this with the old familiar action, and holding his arm. She had never been sweeter than at that moment.

Her grace, her tranquillity, her gentle bright emotion, unconsciously reassured him. Little Rosa caught some hidden gaiety from her cousin's manner. "How pretty you look, cousin Angel, in your white dress," said the child, "but the winter is come, you will not be able to wear it any more."

"Antonio is gone," said the old man. "I saw him start. His father is dead. Antonio's doings are mad enough to frighten his friends. He has given up the chief part of his inheritance to his sister, he tells me. I think he does it on purpose to make me angry."

Whatever poor Angelica may have shown of feeling that day, it is certain that her bridegroom never lost his composure. He came again that afternoon, actually called as usual, and finding some company present played a part as if nothing had happened, and to Angelica's dismay went away without a look or a sign, leaving Lord Henry discoursing upon the beauty of waxwork and its superiority to marble. Rossi describes De Horn's perfect calm through all this deception. This man's interested feeling was so mixed up and complicated with real respect and admiration that it would have required a far more diffident and suspicious person than my poor heroine to distinguish the false from the true, in all that had happened. De Horn's part with her was not all acted; that was the difficulty. Others found him out, because with them he was but a performer, with her he was as sincere as it was possible for a man of his nature to be.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE BOGEYS OF THE DAY.

BY THE EARL OF PEMROKE.

THERE was a time when Wisdom cried aloud in the streets, and no man regarded her. It may be but a foolish fancy of mine, but I have always believed that the

fault lay in the fact, not that Wisdom told men things that they could not believe, but rather that she inflicted on them undeniable truisms that they were tired of; and that the general opinion was, when she came out with some wise saw that had been dinned into their ears from childhood upwards, and which was associated in their minds with every sensation of boredom, that if the poor old creature had nothing newer than that to tell them, she had better hold her tongue altogether.

Truths lose their force and their meaning from constant repetition—a fact that I wish all sermon-preachers would remember; and there is a curious tendency in the human mind to overlook the most startling facts if they are kept too constantly before the eye.

Whether this supposition concerning a past age is correct or no, there is no doubt that it would not be correct in our day. Pseudo-wisdoms there are enough and to spare, vexing the earth with their discordant voices; but the true wisdom is terribly silent, and when she speaks, utters nothing but puzzles, making life an almost hopeless desert of despair for those who have brains, bowels, and energy. A growing feeling of ignorance, the offspring of a slightly-increased knowledge—a general sense of the incomprehensibility of life and its purposes—may be remarked in all ranks and classes; but in none so much as in those which possess wealth and influence, to whom, therefore, a definite principle and purpose in living, and some conception of the true wisdom, is for all men's sake of the most vital importance.

Putting aside entirely those who neither think nor care about doing or being good, and those who from various reasons are not affected by such a sense, having found what are to them satisfactory solutions of the enigmas of life, there is a great, and, I fancy, increasing mass of the well-to-do and well-born, many of whom are by nature fitted to be the ornaments of any race, who drift through life more or less worthlessly, aimlessly, or even mischievously, simply because their mental characteristics and the half-lights of the age make it almost a hopeless puzzle to them to find out what to do with their money or their lives.

They would do the right thing, many of them, if they could be sure what the right thing is; they would devote their lives to doing good to others, if they could be sure that they really were doing

good. But they cannot, and so drift on unsatisfactorily enough without any consistent principle or fixed purpose in living; satisfying their benevolent impulses by mere intermittent whims, supported and justified only by religious doctrines and arguments that they daily question and ignore; satisfying their luxurious and stingy impulses by whims (generally, I fear, less intermittent), justified and supported only by a so-called political economy, that they would shrink from a thoroughgoing acceptance of;—with no much better guide in life than to be rather like each other—a course that reminds the observer of nothing so much as a crowd of blind men holding on to each other, under the impression that by so doing they will be led in the safest direction. They cannot feel thoroughly sure whether charity is right or wrong; they cannot feel thoroughly sure whether luxury is right or wrong; and cannot, above all, put a limit to either of them. They do not even know, thoroughly, whether energy and earnestness are really of any use. A deplorable picture, truly! but many will testify to the truth of it: even some from the restless activity of whose life no one would guess the presence of such maddening and disheartening uncertainty. Many a young life, full of lofty aspirations and bright promise, is dragged down into selfishness and indifference; many a man, full of great powers, has lived and died almost useless from its chilling, enervating influence. Almost every one has suffered from it more or less, at one time or another.

It is the curse, and, I fear, the growing curse, of our so-called enlightened age. An age which might be bitterly described as one in which every one acknowledged the obligations of duty, but in which no one was certain what duty consisted in.

It is high time that every earnest man thus afflicted, however humble in intellect or learning, should look well into his mind to discover from what roots this subtle and deadly ally to the world, the flesh, and the devil draws its life; that he may be able, if not to destroy it, at least to realize and grapple with it to such an extent as to enable him to lead a life of earnest and unselfish work,—the only life that is worth living,—with a rational and satisfactory basis, however small or deep down, on which to found and justify his principles of thought and action.

Now, what are the main roots of this disheartening, paralyzing uncertainty, about everything under the sun, in the

way of improvement of self or others? I neither intend nor pretend for a moment to enumerate the thousand and one facts and reflections that go to make up such a frame of mind, or to deal fully and thoroughly with the great general causes that they lead to. All I mean to do is to state simply what I think these great general causes are, and by a broad examination of them, see whether some more or less definite way may not be pointed out by which the mischievous soul-killing conclusions that they appear to point to may be avoided.

I believe that the chief cause is a growing belief, ranging, in different minds, from the highest certainty down to the very lowest presumption in fatalism; sometimes going to the extreme of an absolute disbelief in free-will; oftener, especially amongst the more orthodox, going only to the extent of causing a sickening, disheartening sense of the hopeless contradictory mystery of life, and the vanity and uncertainty of all human effort.

The causes of the growth of this belief in our day are not far to seek, and need few words. The discoveries that have been made, and are being made, concerning the laws of the universe and all it contains, point more or less positively to the truth of such a belief with an ominous unanimity; and I need say no more about the evidence for or against it in this paragraph, than that *hard as it may be, and undoubtedly is, to believe in, it seems to me equally hard to disbelieve in.*

Assuming that this belief possesses the mind with a greater or lesser degree of certainty, the problem we have to solve is how it is rationally to be prevented from utterly smothering all active unselfish effort. How are we to work with such a poison coagulating the blood in our veins? The first step to the answer seems to me to be that a thoroughgoing fatalism is as incredible, humanly speaking, as it is humanly speaking undeniable. Conclusive as is the evidence in favour of fatalism, that in favour of its apparent negation, free-will, is no less conclusive; and I make bold to say that no man, without wilful perversion of his intellect, can long maintain a consistent denial of it. If common sense will not listen to the idea of a chaotic planless nature, neither will it listen to an absolute denial of individual will.

What, then, have we here? Two apparently utterly opposing and contradict-

ory theories staring us in the face, both of which seem, to the best of our knowledge, undeniable.

One thing seems to me plain, that if there is a contradiction, we have no right to shut our eyes to it — no right to sacrifice one set of facts to another from any hasty or conceited love of mental consistency. If we have no right to shut our eyes to the great testimony in favour of fatalism, *neither may we shut our ears to the clear voice that cries to us in every action of every-day life, "You can do or not do as you choose."*

The tendency to jump to the conclusion that if these two theories plainly appear to us contradictory, one must be absolutely true and the other equally false, followed by the mischievous, the fatal deduction that there can be no guide in life — no *raison d'être* for effort until one is proved, or the other disproved, seems to me to spring from a very mistaken conception of the nature and limits of the human intellect, from a sort of idea that it must be able thoroughly to deal with that which it can touch at all.

The slightest reflection, on any of the subjects by which the limited nature of the human intellect may be shown, will suggest at once the absurdity of accepting such an assumption unproved.

The intellect tells us that matter must be either infinitely divisible or not infinitely divisible, and yet finds either supposition quite unthinkable; it tells us that space must either be limited or unlimited, yet is unable to conceive that either is possible. It declares that time must have had either a beginning or no beginning, and yet can imagine neither one hypothesis nor the other, &c.!

Bearing such hints in our minds of the limited nature of our intellect as these, let us just consider quietly what must be contained in the simplest scheme of free-will, or the barest conception of fatalism, and I think we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that it is something like the height of folly and presumption to conclude that there can be no reconciliation between these two great mysterious ungraspable ideas (ideas, the complete details of which we know nothing about), and that we may refuse to appreciate and make due use of the lights we possess, simply because we cannot discover what that reconciliation is.

I venture to suggest, in short, that the ultimate truth of this mystery is quite beyond our grasp, or, at any rate, so far beyond our present state of knowledge

that to insist upon drawing certain conclusions about it by which to regulate our lives — or, on the other hand, despairing and becoming useless because we cannot draw them — is not really reasonable, and that we should be above all things careful to give due importance and attention to those facts, whether suggesting this theory or that, that experience and consciousness have rendered us tolerably certain of: leaving the reconciliation of the theories they suggest to a time (actual or imaginary) when a fuller knowledge and appreciation of their nature will enable us to deal with them.

Thus, by merely appreciating and acknowledging the greatness of the mystery, does it become possible to take full advantage of the smaller, but nearer and clearer lights, and lead, on rational grounds, a life of energy and work, without either ignoring or denying the evidence in favour of what seems to be a fatalistic scheme of creation.

I believe the pith of what I have said is rather not realized in its full bearings than not felt, and that if those who honestly feel their energies for good cramped and checked by the *arrière-pensée* of fatalism were urged to carry such belief to its logical end in all the affairs of life, all reason would show them at once the folly and self-contradiction of such a course, and probably lead them towards some such reflections as I have rudely sketched above.

To those who are so confident in the powers of the human intellect in speculative matters, so sanguine of immediate discovery of all things connected with the relations of man to the universe, as to despise such an unambitious method of dealing with this greatest of life's puzzles, I can only say that if they will give me any better and more consistent view of this problem, by which I shall be able to live and work, feeling that I have a plain, evident reason for so doing, I shall be more than eager to accept it.

But, alas! there is a closely-related, but far worse bogey standing in the path than this mere scarecrow of fatalism, that common sense treats with such rude disregard when they are brought really face to face — a real, terrible, definite bogey appealing continually to our every-day reason, apparently invoking the commonest of common sense as a witness to character — a bogey before whom all but the blind may well sometimes pause disheartened and appalled; — I mean that dismal collection of teachings, thoughts,

suggestions, and arguments, which may be best summed up in the expression, *Cui bono?*

Some concede, at once, that all human solution and control of the riddles it offers are as a matter of fact impossible, and so drift through life attempting nothing; many look upon them as both so difficult and so *necessary* of solution, as to feel practically as despairing and as useless as the first.

The old royal roads to righteousness and benevolent work seem to be ploughed up, while no new ones, that a sane man may follow, are laid down to take their place, making life into a trackless desert, in which he that seeks seems to have little better chance of finding than he that seeks not at all. We are told, with a strong show of reason, that charity is no charity at all but cruelty, that benevolence creates pauperism, that pauperism is a natural state of affairs which will re-create itself as fast as it is obliterated, that medicine and hospitals are but perpetuating sickness, disease, and suffering*—and so on, and so on, and so on, a weary, weary list crying with one dismal voice that everything must and will go onwards in certain directions, and that all attempts at interference will do as much harm as good, and will make little or no difference in the long run.

Now, putting aside the whole question of the antagonism or reconciliation of fatalism and free-will, as a mystery concerning which speculation has been shown to be profitless, and assuming our power of action or inaction to be a real one, the difficulty of finding a good definite purpose, towards which one can toil with life or money, with at least some confidence in the fact of its utility, in the teeth of these perplexing enigmas, can hardly be exaggerated. There is hardly any work to which a man can devote his time and money which cannot be shown to possess *apparently* some bad or neutral consequence: are we then to do nothing? Common sense revolts against such a conclusion, and we cannot help feeling sure of this much, that however dark, doubtful, or hopeless all efforts to do good with time, heart, or money may seem, no good, and nothing but evil to ourselves and others, *can* result from

neglecting such efforts altogether. It comes, then, to this, that we *must* find some rational basis on which to act—we *must* find some means of at least out-manceuvring and somewhat silencing, this monster, *Cui bono?* in our minds. We cannot accept its logical conclusions, when openly stated, any more than we can those of its near relation or other self—fatalism.

Now, it seems to me that the main force of the crippling powers of these enigmas has its root in the same mistake that gives such crippling power to the suggestions of fatalism—that is, a very false estimate of the reach and trustworthiness of the speculations of the human intellect.

Plausible speculations on vast and very little understood questions are allowed to have an equal weight with actual facts really within the grasp of our experience. Speculations on vast, little understood, and often very remote questions, are believed without due remembrance of possible, though to us invisible, change of conditions, or discovery of conditions that have been overlooked, that may utterly put out the whole calculation.

Conditions are changing, new conditions are becoming known, new influences are coming into force century by century, and I can quite imagine that there might be a time when, for instance, the indestructibility of pauperism which now seems so horribly undeniable to many, should come to be looked upon as a foolish superstition, belief in which could only be excused by the grossest ignorance, and the over-population of the world a chimera which never could have been seriously entertained.

This tendency to speculate and theorize from a range of facts more or less certain, and to give to the logical deductions therefrom a kind and degree of belief that should only be accorded to things thoroughly well known, is one of the most natural, because one of the most unconscious of human errors.

We do not miss facts that have never been discovered, and of course form the theory to which we accord such a large measure of belief in ignorance of them. If any such unknown facts happen to exist, they of course alter, or at any rate modify, and place in a new light the truth and meaning of the theory. I should be utterly ashamed of urging an argument so obvious as this, if I had not good reasons for knowing the necessity of doing so.

* Of course, such theories and arguments as these can often be met by counter-theories and counter-arguments; but I am here assuming that they are or seem unanswerable in such a manner, in order to point out how, when they are or seem to be unanswerable, they can be dealt with.

So, when we find some apparently well-proved theory pointing plainly in a direction utterly at variance with the more immediate welfare of the race, and full of the most ominous consequences to all efforts in the direction of better things, we should be careful to consider most thoroughly whether the *whole subject* on which it is founded is thoroughly known and understood, before resolving to renounce our allegiance to those less remote guides of life and action that consciousness and common sense insist, in spite of theories to the contrary, on pointing out to us. A man who hesitates to help to cure the sick for fear of perpetuating disease in the race, or to help emigration because pauperism is ineradicable, and the world must some day become over-populated, seems to me to be making exactly this mistake — the mistake of assuming that all facts that throw light on the subject are known, and that the mystery of human life is solved. If he cannot make this assumption, it seems to me that he is not justified in ignoring the narrower, but more certain, reasons that urge him to do these things.

I repeat again that half the hesitation and doubt that leads to *Cui bono?* springs from a most foolish belief in the present extent of human knowledge, and the power and accuracy of human speculation. The man who refuses to work against pauperism or misery, and ignores the instincts or reasons that bid him do so, because of a well-proved general theory, founded on our present knowledge, that they are irremediable, is only a little wiser than he who refuses to exert his free-will, and feed himself, because there is a great mass of evidence that the world is governed by a predestined scheme, of the nature of which we know scarcely anything. It is possible for us to confess that many contradictory enigmas are beyond our solution, without being in the least justified in refusing to work at all. We are justified in working for our neighbours of the nineteenth century, without considering the interest of those of the twenty-ninth century, simply because the conditions in every sense of the twenty-ninth century are entirely beyond the reach of legitimate speculation.

It may be objected that the banning of all such speculation tends to justify mere blind, thoughtless benevolence, of which we have too much already. I have no wish to ban all such speculation, I am only pointing out the mischief and mistake of according to it what seems to me

an unreasonable amount of importance. I am attacking one extreme, but certainly not advocating the other. The wise, justifiable line must lie somewhere between the two. What that line is, and how it is to be discovered, I have neither space nor ability enough to point out more definitely than I have already done. If the incompleteness, unskilfulness, or error of this sketchy and superficial review provokes some one more competent into undertaking an honest wrestle with this difficult subject, it will have more than answered its purpose. A little clear, wholesome, plain teaching on the relations of the principles and purposes of life and action to some of the current speculative enigmas of our day is most sadly needed. Thousands are drifting through life on no particular principle, from a sense of general bewilderment and ignorance. Good hearts and good money are rotting for want of knowledge what to do. But I think I have noticed that the great thinkers of our day are sometimes apt, when they acknowledge the existence of these terrible puzzles at all, to say, "Jerusalem," and pass on to something else, as the man did when he came across the hard names in the Old Testament.

On that awe-inspiring feeling — stronger and more widely spread, I fancy, in our day than it has ever been before — of the infinite immensity of the whole universe, and the proportionate microscopicalness of our being and work, I have not dwelt specially, because its disheartening, crushing lesson does more harm to the lazy and the cowardly than to those of whom I have been thinking and writing — those who are willing to do anything if they can only feel tolerably certain that they are effecting the least good, and no positive harm. But as, combined with other difficulties, it helps to depress and discourage even them, I would venture to urge, with all possible humility, that its evil effects decrease the more thoroughly it is realized. When a man realizes that he cannot remove mountains, he will be content to work at mole-hills. When he has once accepted the fact that he cannot reform the world by his sole work, as a matter of course, if he is worth the trouble of creating, he will not grudge his best labour to the little good that he sees he can do.

He can feel, with good reason, that every act or thought, however seemingly insignificant, is pregnant with everlasting consequences, and gain therefrom a sense of responsibility as great as any

man can wish to bear. He can feel, too, with equally good reason, that if all men, or half of all men, chose to do that little that they are able, the aggregate force in the direction of good would be something almost impossible to imagine. And if it happens that such reflections as these have but little effect upon his mental and moral character, I think he will, at least, discover that when once ambitious, speculative schemes for the regeneration in virtue and happiness of the whole race are put into their right place, that there is a pleasure and a triumph in giving even but a little happiness, and doing even a little good.

The importance of discovering some method by which the enigmas of life may be so grappled with as to enable men who cannot ignore them to make good and active use of their brains, influence, lives, and wealth, and the duty of every man who is conscious of them to grapple with them with that purpose, to the best of his powers, cannot, I think, be exaggerated. The time we live in seems to me to be full, to many of us, of the greatest responsibilities; to numbers of people has come, as the offspring of a slightly increased knowledge, a more or less vivid revelation of ignorance, forcing them to meet and struggle through life shorn of half the certainties on which they and their forefathers have been accustomed to lean. Many wise and sad critics are crying that there can be but one end to all this—an utter destruction of the efforts of the higher nature, and a pursuit of narrow selfishness, more animal, more indifferent, more callous, and more luxurious than any, perhaps, that the world has yet seen—only to die a natural death at last, of sheer worthlessness, after generations of uselessness, wickedness, and wasted suffering.

Whether this is to be the temporary end of it all, or whether the darkness and the doubt are to be fought through with such a gallant and sturdy determination to look them in the face, and make the best use of the lights we possess, as to force, sooner or later, a natural revelation of fresh light, or at least so gallantly and sturdily as to make moonshine of the darkest prophecies of the human-nature-despising critics, is what every individual, however commonplace his genius, who feels himself to be in this state of darkness and doubt, has to assist in deciding; for no qualities are so infectious as courage, energy, and unselfishness on

the one hand, and cowardice, indolence, and selfishness on the other.

Let not any one hastily conclude that the difficulties and puzzles alluded to in this article affect only a small minority who are sceptical about the teachings of religion.

On the contrary, I think that genuine free-thinkers, from the hardening training they have generally gone through in losing their faith—from mere habit of acknowledging difficulties as a matter of course—are less affected as regards their lives and energy by such difficulties and puzzles than any other sect of humanity that acknowledge their existence at all. Those amongst whom their deadly effects on life and action are most visible, are orthodox, or more or less orthodox believers, into whose minds they have insidiously crept, to whom they appear as deadly and invincible monsters that can neither be fled from nor destroyed.

Their pastors in the pulpit upbraid them weekly with their luxury, their indifference, their sloth, their want of feeling and earnestness, their cowardly fear of being unlike each other, and never seem to perceive, or at least never attempt honestly to grapple with and remove, the old man of the sea, who is the cause of it all, and is sitting on their shoulders.

"We are all these things," they might answer him, "because we don't really know what to do, or what principle to live on, or where to draw the line about anything. Life and destiny (in this world, at least) seem to be an insoluble riddle to us. Your explanations do not seem to meet it. Your exhortations as regards action do not appeal conclusively to our common sense, but seem rather to ignore our darkness and difficulties altogether. We do as each other does about luxury and pleasure and charity and good work, and all that, because we think that if we do as each other does we are not likely to go far wrong, and we really have no better guiding principle to follow."

It is no answer to me to reply that the enigmas mentioned and hinted at in this article have been dealt with by this man or that. The whole subject of how to encounter these enigmas in any scheme of life must be popularized and pulpitized. It is not a subject that can be left to a few *savans* to crack their brains over, while the world of action wags confidently on. It is a subject which every man and woman who has time, influence, or

wealth must encounter and deal with, successfully or unsuccessfully, whether they like it or not, and whether their intellectual fitness for so doing be great or small.

This important and significant truth will, I trust, be held to be a sufficient excuse for my venturing to draw the attention of the public and its teachers towards a thorough consideration of it.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE MARRIAGE OF MOIRA FERGUS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOOD NEWS.

ANGUS M'EACHRAN hung his head in a sheepish fashion when he stood before the minister. The stalwart, yellow-bearded young fisherman found it was not an easy thing to have to speak about marriage; and the proposal to give Mr. MacDonald a gallon of the best whiskey had gone clean out of his head—banished, perhaps, by an instinctive reverence for spiritual authority. The little red-faced minister regarded him sternly.

"It wass not well done of you, Angus M'Eachran," said he, "to think of running away to Glassgow with John Fergus's daughter."

"And whose fault wass that, Mr. MacDonald?" said the fisherman. "It wass the fault of John Fergus himself."

"Ay, ay, but you would hef made bad things worse. Why to Glassgow! Do you know what Glassgow is? No, you do not know; but you would hef found out what it iss to go to Glassgow! It wass a ferry goot thing that Moira Fergus had the goot sense to come ofer to me; and now, ass I tell you, we will try to satisfy effery one if you will come ofer on the Wednesday morning."

"It wass ferry kind of you, Mr. MacDonald, to go all the way to Borva to ask about the marriage; I will neffer forget that, neffer at all. And I will tell you this, Mr. MacDonald, that it wass no great wish I offer had for the going to Glassgow; for when a man gets married, it is but right he should hef his friends about him, for a dance and a song. And it wass many a time I hef peen thinking, when I first became acquent with Moira Fergus, that we would hef a ferry goot wedding, and hef a tance and a tram; and it wass Alister Lewis the schoolmaster said to me the other day, 'Angus,' says he, 'do you not think of getting

married? And when you are married,' says he, 'my wife and me will come and trink a glass to you and Moira Fergus.' And now, Mr. MacDonald, there will be no wedding at all—and not a single tance—or a tram—and no one to be there and be quite sure that we are married."

Angus M'Eachran had become rather excited, and had blundered into eloquence. It was, indeed, a sore point with the young fisherman that Moira and he were to be deprived of the great merry-making in the life of a man or woman. They would be married in a corner, with no joyous crowd of witnesses, no skire of the pipes, no whiskey, no dancing or reels under the midnight sky.

"And you will not think, Mr. MacDonald," said he, returning to his ordinary grave and shy demeanour, "that I hef no thanks for you, although we will hef no goot wedding. That is not anypotty's fault but the fault of John Fergus; and when I will go to tell John Fergus that his daughter is married——"

"You will not go to tell John Fergus that, Angus M'Eachran," said the minister. "It is another that will tell John Fergus. It is Miss Sheila Mackenzie, that iss Mrs. Laffenter now, that will be coming to tek the news to John Fergus."

The minister spoke proudly. He was vain of his acquaintance with great people. He had, indeed, reserved this piece of news until he saw fit to overwhelm his visitor with it.

The young fisherman uttered an exclamation in the Gaelic; he could scarcely believe what he heard.

"Iss it Miss Sheila Mackenzie will be coming all the way from Borva to the marriage of Moira Fergus?" he said, with his eyes full of wonder.

"Ay, and her husband, too!" said the minister, proudly. "Ay, and they are coming with their schooner yacht, and eight men aboard of her, to say nothing of Mrs. Patterson's boy. And you were saying, Angus M'Eachran, there would be no one at your wedding. Oh no, there will be no one at your wedding! It will only be Mr. and Mrs. Laffenter that will be at your wedding!"

Angus could not reply to this deadly sarcasm; he was lost in astonishment. Then he suddenly said, snatching up his cap—

"I am going, Mr. MacDonald, to tek the news to Moira Fergus."

"Wait a minute, it iss a ferry great

hurry you are in, Angus," said the minister. "You need not be afraid that any one will tek the news before yourself. There iss many things we hef to settle apout first —"

"But I will come ofer to-night again," said the fisherman — he was impatient to carry this wonderful news to Moira.

"Then there iss the teffle in your hurry, Angus M'Eachran!" said the minister, angrily. "You will come ofer again to-night? You will not come ofer again to-night! Do you think you can waste the tays and the nights in running apout Darroch, when it iss to Styornoway you hef to go, for the ring, and the money, and all that I hef told you?"

The fisherman stood abashed; he put his cap on the table, and was content to receive his instructions with patience.

But when he went out, and had got a safe distance from the house, he suddenly tossed his cap high in the air.

"Hey!" he cried, aloud, "here iss the good news for Moira Fergus!"

He laughed to himself as he sped rapidly across the moorland. It was a fine, bright morning; the sun was warm on the heather and the white rocks; now and again he saw before him a young grouse walk coolly across the dusty road. He took little notice, however, of anything around him. It was enough that the fresh air and the sunlight seemed to fill his lungs with a sort of laughing-gas. Never before had he walked so rapidly across the island.

The consequence was that he reached Ardtilleach about one o'clock.

"Now," said he to himself, "the girls will be at the school; and old John Fergus will be up at the curing-house; and what if Moira Fergus be all by herself at home?"

The news he had gave him so much courage that he did not spy about; he walked straight up to John Fergus's cottage, and, stooping, passed in. Sure enough, there was Moira, and alone. She was seated near the fire, and was cleaning and chopping up some vegetables for the big iron pot that stood beside her. When she recognized Angus M'Eachran, she uttered a little cry of surprise, then she hastily jumped to her feet, and beat the parings out of her lap. But the young fisherman was not offended by the untidy scraps of carrot and turnip that clung to her apron; he was the rather pleased to see that she was chopping up those vegetables very neatly — and he

knew, for many a time he had had to make broth for himself.

"And are you not afraid, Angus, to come into this house?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I am not afraid!" said he. "For I hef the good news for you — ay, ay, I hef the good news for you this day, Moira —"

"Iss it my father —?"

"No, no!" said he. "Is iss nothing of your father. I will not ask your father for anything, not if he wass to live for sixty years, ay, and twenty years mir-over. But I wass ofer to see Mr. MacDonald this morning — ay, I set out ferry soon, for I heard last night he wass come back from Borva — and this morning I wass with him for a ferry long time. And now it iss all settled, Moira, my lass, and this ferry night I will be going away to Styornoway to buy the ring, Moira, and get some money out of the bank, and other things. And Mr. MacDonald, he will say to me, 'Angus, you will hef to go and ask Moira Fergus to tell you the day she will be married, for effery young lass hass a right to that;' but I hef said to him, 'Mr. MacDonald, there iss no use for that; for it wass next Wednesday in the next week we wass to go away to Glassgow to be married; and that iss the day that iss fixed already' — and so, Moira, it iss Wednesday of the next week you will be reaty to go ofer — and — and — and iss there anything wrong with you, Moira Fergus?"

He offered her his hand to steady her; she was rather pale, and she trembled. Then she sate down on the wooden stool again, and turned her eyes to the floor.

"And it iss not ferry glad you are that the wedding iss near?" said he, with some disappointment.

"It iss not that, Angus M'Eachran," she said, in a low voice. "It iss that — I am afraid — and it is a ferry terrible thing to go away and be married all by yourself — and no friend with you —"

"No friend?" said he, with a sudden joy: if this was all her doubt, he would soon remove it. "Ay, ay, Moira Fergus, you hef not heard all the news. There will be no one to come to your wedding? Do you know this, Moira, that it iss Miss Sheila Mackenzie and her husband that iss an Englishman, and they are both coming to your wedding — ay, in that fine poat that iss the most peautiful poat that wass effer come into Styornoway harbour — and who iss it in all this island that

hass Mr. and Mrs. Laffenter come to her wedding — tell me that, Moira Fergus !”

Well, when Moira heard that Sheila Mackenzie and her husband were coming all the way from Borva to be present at her wedding, she burst into a fit of crying, and even the young man beside her understood what that meant.

“Ay, ay,” said he, “it iss a ferry great deal the rich and the grand people can do for the poor people when it iss in their mind to do it, and it would be a pad tay for the poor people of Borva the tay that Miss Sheila would go away altogether to London ; but there iss no fear of that now ; and she is coming to your wedding, Moira, and it iss not pecause she is ferry rich and ferry grand that you will be proud of that, but I hef seen that you wass sore put about that there will be no woman at all at the wedding, and now here is one, and one that iss known through all the islands — and it iss nothing to cry about, Moira Fergus.”

“No, it iss nothing to cry about,” said the girl, “only — it iss a ferry great kindness — and I will not know what to say — ay, are you quite sure they are coming all the way to Darroch, Angus ?”

“Indeed there iss more than that to tell you, Moira ; for it iss Mrs. Laffenter will be for coming to Ardtilleach to speak to your father as soon as the wedding is ofer —”

“What do you say, Angus M’Eachran ?” the girl said, suddenly rising. “Hef you no sense to let her speak of such a thing ? You will know what a man father iss when he iss angry ; and it iss you and me that will hef to tek his anger, not a stranger that hass done us a great kindness ; and it iss very thoughtless of you, Angus, to hef let Miss Sheila speak of that —”

“Moira, what are you thinking of ?” he said. “When wass it that I hef seen Miss Sheila, and her away at Borva ? It wass the minister, he wass speaking to both Mr. and Mrs. Laffenter, both of the two of them together, and it wass Miss Sheila herself will want to see your father sure enough and mirover !”

The girl said nothing in reply, for a sudden fear had fallen over her : a shadow darkened the doorway. Angus M’Eachran half instinctively turned round — there wass John Fergus, staring at him with an anger which for the moment could not express itself in words. Moira’s father wass almost a dwarf in stature ; but he wass broad-chested, bandy-legged, and obviously of great physical

strength. He had a hard, grey, and sullen face, piercing black eyes under bushy grey eyebrows, thin lips, and a square jaw.

“Ay, it iss you, Angus M’Eachran,” said he, still blocking up the doorway as if to prevent escape ; “it wass a true word they will bring me that you will be for going into my house. And what iss it that will bring you to my house ?”

“It iss not a ferry friendly man you are, John Fergus,” said the tall young sailor, rather gloomily, “that you will say such things. And what iss the harm that one man will go into another man’s house, and both of them neighbours together —”

“Ay, this iss the harm of it !” said John Fergus, giving freer vent to his rage. “You wass thinking that the lasses were at the school ; and you wass thinking that I wass away ofer at Killeena with the new oars ; and then you wass coming about the house — like a thief that will watch a time to come about a house — that wass the harm of it, Angus M’Eachran.”

The younger man’s face grew rather darker, but he kept his temper down.

“I am no thief, John Fergus. If it wass any other man than yourself will say such a thing to me —”

“No, you are no thief,” said the father, with sarcastic emphasis ; “you will only come about the house when there iss effery one away from it but a young lass, and you will think there iss some whiskey in the house —”

The younger man burst into a bitter laugh.

“Whiskey ! Iss it whiskey ! I hef come after the whiskey ! Indeed and mirover that would be a fine day the day I tasted a glass of your whiskey ; for there iss no man alive in Darroch or in Killeena too that effer had a glass of whiskey from you, John Fergus !”

At this deadly insult the older man, with something of an inarticulate cry of rage, darted forward, and would have seized his opponent had not Moira thrown herself between them.

“Father,” the trembling girl said, putting her hands on his breast, “keep back — keep back for a minute, and I will tell you — indeed it wass not the whiskey that Angus M’Eachran will come for — it wass a message there wass from Miss Sheila Mackenzie — and he will hear of it from the minister — and he will come in to the house for a minute — and there wass no harm in that. It iss your own

house, father — you will not harm a man in your own house — ”

He thrust her aside.

“Angus M’Eachran,” said he, “this iss what I will say to you — you wass saying to yourself this many a day back that you will marry this lass here. I tell you now, by Kott, you will not marry her — not this year, nor the next year, nor many a year after that. And there iss more ass I hef to say to you. This house iss no house for you; and if it iss any day I will come into the house and you will be here, it will be a bad day that day for you, by Kott.”

“That iss ferry well said,” retorted the younger man, whose eyes were afire, but who kept himself outwardly calm; “and this iss what I will say to you, John Fergus. The day may come to you that you will be ferry glad for me to come into your house, and you will be ferry sore in your heart that you wass saying such things to me this day. And I will say this to you — do you think it iss the fighting will keep me out of the house? Wass you thinking I wass afraid of you? By Kott, John Fergus, two men like you would not mek me afraid; and that day will be a bad day for you that you tek to fighting with me.”

The girl was once more for interfering with her entreaties.

“No, Moira,” said her lover, “stand back — I am for no fighting — if there iss fighting it iss not in a man’s own house that iss the place for fighting. But this iss what I will say to you, John Fergus, that you hef no need to fear that I will come to your house. No, not if I wass living for thirty or twenty years in Ard-tilleach will I come into your house — neffer, as I am a living man.”

And that vow he kept.

CHAPTER V.

THE WEDDING.

THE “Princess Sheila” lay at her moorings in the bay; and the morning sunlight shone on her tall and shapely masts and on the gleaming white decks. It was a lonely part of the coast of Dar-roch; there was not another vessel on the smooth plain of the sea; far away in the direction of some rocks a couple of seals were alternately raising their heads above the water — like the black head of a man — as if in wonder over this invasion of their silent haunts. Beautiful, indeed, was the morning of Moira Fergus’s marriage. The water around the

shore was so calm and so clear that one could distinguish the sand and the white starfish at an extraordinary depth. The sea was of a light blue fading into grey at the horizon. The sky was of a darker blue; and the almost motionless clouds dappled the sunlit shoulders of the hills and the wide expanse of the moorland.

About ten o’clock a pinnace put off from the yacht, and the quiet bay echoed the sound of the rowlocks as the four sturdy seamen pulled into the land. They ran her by the side of some loose stones that served for a rude landing-jetty; and then Mr. and Mrs. Lavender stepped on shore. The former was certainly not in proper wedding-attire, for he had on his ordinary boating-suit of blue homespun; but the young lady wore a yachting-costume which had been designed by her husband, and which was the wonder of all the islands around. The old women who had seen Miss Sheila, as they mostly called her, but once in this costume, had many a long story to tell about it over the peat fire to their neighbours who had not been so fortunate; and it was gravely doubted whether the wife of Sir James, or the wife of the Duke of Argyll, or even the queen herself had such a wonderful dress and hat and gloves.

They walked up and over the rough shingle, until they reached a path skirting some low sand-hills, and this they followed along the shore until they reached the manse. The minister was at the door; he came out bare-headed to receive them; there was a great dignity in his speech.

“Well, are the young folks here?” said Sheila.

“Yes, indeed and mirover,” said the minister, “and it will be a proud day for them that you will sign the marriage-lines, Mrs. Laffenter, and you, sir, too. And I hef got the horse for you, Mrs. Laffenter, if you will be determined to go to Ard-tilleach. And I hef peen told that the English hef two dinners in the day, which is a strange thing to me, but it iss no pusiness of mine whateffer; and you will be so long in England every year, Mrs. Laffenter, that you will hef gone away from the way you used to live at home; but if you wass so kind, now, ass to tek the first dinner — that iss at one o’clock — in my poor house, it would be a proud day for me too. And it is no ferry fine dinner I hef, but some mutton just ass goot ass you will get it in London; and I hef some ferry goot whiskey — there iss

no petter apout here. And if you wass so kind, Miss — Mrs. Laffenter —”

“Certainly, Mr. MacDonald,” said Mr. Lavender, interposing; “we will dine with you at one, on condition you dine with us at seven — that is, if we can get back from Ardtilleach by that time. You must try the English way of having two dinners — you may call the second one supper, if you like. Now don’t let us keep the young people waiting.”

Angus M’Eachran and Moira Fergus were seated in the minister’s parlour, both of them very silent. When Mrs. Lavender entered the room, the girl rose hastily, as if she would rush forward to thank her; then she paused, and seemed to shrink back.

“And are you ferry well, Moira?” said Mrs. Lavender, advancing and holding out her hand. “And do you remember the last time I saw you at Ardtilleach?”

The girl, trembling a good deal, made a curtsy, and timidly took the hand that was offered to her.

“It iss no words I hef this tay — to thank you,” she said, “that you will come to the wedding of a poor lass — for Angus M’Eachran he wass wanting me to tek the money to get the clothes for the wedding, but if I had got the clothes for the wedding, it wass effery one in Ardtilleach would know of it. And — and — that iss why I hef not the clothes for the wedding.”

It was an apology. Moira was ashamed of her rough clothes, that were not fit for a wedding to which Miss Sheila Mackenzie of Borva had come. But Sheila made her sit down, and sat down beside her, and talked to her of many things, so that there was soon an end to her shamefacedness.

“Mr. MacDonald,” said Angus M’Eachran, rather anxiously — seeing that the minister was thinking more of his distinguished guests than of the business in hand, “if you wass ass kind ass to be quick — for it iss Moira’s father if he wass to go back to the house, he might hef some thought of it.”

“Ay, ay,” said the minister, recollecting himself. “Where is Isabel?”

He called his housekeeper into the room; she was smartly dressed, and she wore a gold chain that her son had sent her from America. The minister now grew formal in his manner. He spoke in a solemn and low voice. He directed Angus M’Eachran and Moira Fergus to stand up together; and then, with a closed Bible in his hand, he placed him-

self before them, the three witnesses of the ceremony standing on one side. The light from the small window fell on the young Highland girl’s face — she was now very pale, and she kept her eyes bent on the floor.

He began by offering up a prayer — a strange, rambling series of Biblical quotations, of entreaties, of exhortations addressed to those before him — which was at once earnest, pathetic, and grotesque. Mr. MacDonald would rather have prayed in the Gaelic; but the presence of the strangers led him to speak in English, which was obviously a difficulty to him. For into this curious prayer, he introduced a sort of history and justification of what he had done with regard to the young people.

“Ay,” he said, “it wass to Glassgow they were going, and they would hef peen as sheeps in the den of the lions, and as the young lambs among the wolves. For it iss written of Babylon the evil city, Lo, I will raise and cause to come up against Babylon an assembly of the great nations from ta north country, ay, and Chaldea shall be a spoil. Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about; all ye that will pend the pow shoot at her, ay, and spare no arrows, for she has sinned against the Lord! And it wass to Glassgow they were going; and it wass no man could hear that and not safe them from going. And we had the great help of frients from far islands, ay, from the desolate places of the islands, and they came to us in our trouple, and it wass a great help they would gife to us, and the Lord will tek that into account, and reward them for the help they hef given to the young lad and the young lass that iss before us this tay.”

Then he went on to denounce anger and evil passions as the cause of much of human trouble; and he closed his prayer with an earnest hope that Divine influence would soften the heart of John Fergus, and lead him to live in peace and affection with his daughter and her husband.

The exhortation following the prayer was shorter than the prayer. It referred chiefly to the duties of married life; but even here Mr. MacDonald brought in a good deal of justification of his own conduct in having assisted a young lad and a young lass to get married.

“Ay, ay,” said he, “it iss written that a man shall leaf his father and his mother and ko and be joined unto his wife; and the wife, too, she will do the same, as it

hass been from the peginning of the worlt, amen. And why no? And if there iss any man so foolish ass to say to a young man or a young lass, 'No, you will hef to wait until I die before you will be for getting marriest, and until I die you will not be for getting marriest at all,' I will say to him that he is a foolish man, and a man who has no sense in his head whateffer. And there iss too much of the young men going away from the islands apout us, and they will go away to Glassgow, and to Greenock, and to America, and to other places, and they will marry wifes there, and who iss to know what kind of wifes they will marry? No, it iss petter, ay, and ferry much petter, for a young man to hef seen a young lass in the years of her young tays, and he will know of her family, and he will hef seen her going to the church, and he will know she is a fit lass to be a wife for him and no strange woman that hass lifed in a great town, where there are wild men, and sodgers, and the Roman Catholic priests."

Presently the simple ceremony had to be performed; and when Angus M'Eachran was bidden to take the young girl's hand, and when the minister demanded to know if any one were present who had aught to say against the marriage of these two there was a silence as if every one was listening for the sound of a footstep on the gravel outside.

There was no answer to that summons; wherever John Fergus was, he was certainly not in the neighbourhood of Mr. MacDonald's manse.

"And so you are a married woman, Moira," said Sheila, when it was all over.

The girl could not speak, but there were big tears in her eyes, and she went forward and took Mrs. Lavender's hand and timidly kissed it. Angus M'Eachran had been standing about, silent and awkward; at length he, too, went forward, and said in desperation—

"Mrs. Laffenter, it iss a ferry goot pair of oars for a small poat I hef made last week at Ardtilleach. Will I send you the oars to Borva?"

"Oh, no, Angus," the young lady said; "that is ferry kind of you, but we have plenty of oars at Borva. But this is what I will be ferry glad if you will do—it is a ferry good carpenter they say you are, and any day you have the time to make a small boat for a boy that he will be able to pull about with a string, then I will be ferry glad to have the boat from you."

"Ay," said Angus, with his face bright-

ening, "and will you tek the poat? Ay, ay, you will gife me time to mek the poat, and I will be ferry proud the day that you will tek the poat from me."

Then he turned to the minister.

"And, Mr. MacDonald," said he, rather shamefacedly, "if you will not be ferry angry, there iss a gallon of goot whiskey—oh, ay, it iss ferry goot whiskey, I hef been told—and I will pring it over this morning when I wass coming ofer, and I hef left it out in the heather——"

"You hef left it out in the heather!" said the minister, angrily; "and it iss a foolish man you are, Angus M'Eachran, to go and leaf a gallon of goot whiskey out on the heather! And where is the heather? And maybe you will go now and get it out of the heather!"

"I wass afraid to say apout it pefore," Angus said. "But I will go and get you the whiskey, and it iss ferry proud I am that you will tak the whiskey—and it iss not ferry pad whiskey mirover."

As soon as Angus had gone off to the hiding-place of the jar, they all went outside into the clear air, which was fresh with the sea-breeze and sweet with the smell of the peats.

"Sheila," said Mr. Lavender, "can you hurry on Mr. MacDonald's housekeeper? The great work of the day has to be done yet. And there will be little time to cross to Ardtilleach."

"Oh, Mrs. Laffenter!" cried Moira. "You will not go to see my father!"

"Indeed, I will," said Sheila. "Are you afraid he will eat me, Moira?"

"I am afraid—I do not know what I am afraid of—except that you will not go to him, that iss all I ask from you, Mrs. Laffenter——"

"The teffle——" exclaimed Mr. MacDonald, fiercely, and then he recollected in whose society he was. "What iss it will keep Mrs. Laffenter from speaking to any one? Your father iss an angry man, Moira Fergus—ay, you will be Moira M'Eachran now—he iss a ferry angry man—but will he use his pad language to Mrs. Laffenter? It iss not to be thought of, Moira!"

At this moment the yellow-bearded young fisherman came back with the jar of whiskey; and he blushed a little as he handed the little present to the minister.

"Ay," said Mr. MacDonald, going into the house. "Isabal must be ferry quick, for it iss a long way the way to Ardtilleach, and the second tinner of the tay it will be on poard the yacht at eight o'clock or seven o'clock or between poth of the two.

And Isabal she must go town to the yacht and tell that tall Duncan of Mr. Mackenzie's to gife her the saddle for Mrs. Laffenter's horse."

It was with great difficulty that they could persuade Angus and Moira to come into the house and sit down at the table with the great people from Borvabost. Mr. MacDonald of himself could never have managed it; but Sheila took Moira by the hand and led her into the room, and then the young husband silently followed.

The minister had been too modest in speaking of the banquet he had had prepared for his guests. He had promised them but mutton and whiskey; and behold there was a bottle of claret wine on the table, and the very first dish was the head and shoulders of a magnificent salmon.

"Well, that is a fine fish!" said Mr. Lavender, regarding its mighty proportions.

"Oh, ay," said the minister, immensely flattered. "He wass a fine fish — a grand fish. He wass ass big ass a dog — and more."

It was a great grief to the minister that Mr. Lavender would not taste of the claret, which had come all the way from Stornoway, and was of so excellent a vintage that it was named after the prime minister in Parliament himself. But Sheila had some of it in a tumbler, and pronounced it very good; though the minister observed that "there wass no great strength to go to the head in the French wines," and he "wass ferry much surprised to see that Mrs. Laffenter would hef water with the claret wine."

"And I hear that Angus is going to build a cottage for you, Moira," said Mrs. Lavender, "further removed from the village and the curing-houses. That will be ferry good for you; and it is not every one that has a husband who can work at two trades, and be a good fisherman on the sea, and a good carpenter on shore. And I suppose you will be going back now to the house that he has at present."

"Ay, that iss the worst of it," said the girl, sadly. "If my father iss ferry angry, it will be a pad thing that we will hef to lif in Ardtilleach together; and all the neighbours will know that he is angry, and he will hef the long story to tell to each of them."

"But you must not look at it that way," her counsellor said, cheerfully. "You will soon get over your father's anger; and the neighbours — well, the neigh-

bours are likely to take your side of the story, if there is a story. Now, you must keep up your spirits, Moira; it is a bad thing for a young wife to be downhearted, for a man will soon tire of that, because he may not understand the cause of it. And why should you be downhearted? I dare say, now, that when you come over to Ardtilleach — you will not be long after us, I suppose — you will find the neighbours ready to hef a dance over the wedding as soon as the evening comes on."

As there was little time to be lost on the part of those who were coming back the same evening to the yacht, the small and shaggy animal that was to carry Mrs. Lavender to Ardtilleach was brought round to the door. The young bride and bridegroom, with somewhat wistful eyes, saw their ambassadress set out, her husband walking smartly by her side.

"It iss a great thing they hef undertaken to do," said the minister, "ay, and if they cannot do it, there iss not any one in all the islands will be able to do it."

From The Saturday Review.

A MONASTERY AMONG THE APENNINES.

HALF a day's journey pleasantly divided between the railway and an open carriage takes the traveller from Siena to the famous Benedictine monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore. The difficulty of access in former days may account for the otherwise almost culpable omission by Mrs. Jameson of any mention in her volumes on sacred and monastic art of this rich repository of fresco-painting. Within the vast structure, more like a defiant fortress in its unassailable position and strong outworks than the abode of peace and piety, the enlightened pope Pius II. was a visitor, and the all-potent emperor Charles V., accompanied by 2,500 soldiers and attendants, found lodgings and hospitality. In more recent days a copyist employed by the Arundel Society obtained board and lodging there for a year; and it has likewise welcomed two skilful photographers from Siena and Florence, to whom the public is indebted for faithful transcripts from the famous wall-paintings in the cloister. This wealthy and picturesque monastery was founded in the fourteenth century by a Siennese noble and doctor of law; subsequently it received ample endowments from the Piccolomini and other families, and it was long looked up to reverently

as the parent stock whence sprang all Olivetan monasteries, which, like that which overlooks the banks of the Arno, we have found usually planted on wooded eminences rising above valleys and plains, as the Mount of Olives commands from a height the city of Jerusalem. The other day, as the carriage toiled up perilous mountain paths, we not unnaturally recurred to the oft-repeated question: — Why did the monks of old choose for their dwelling these inaccessible and inhospitable spots? Was it indeed that they thought to establish as it were a half-way house to heaven? or was it that, from singleness of faith in the ascetic life, they sought through seclusion to cut themselves off from access to the lower world? or could it be that the beauties of nature proved to be precious as a solace and an aid — beauties which here, as in other like sanctuaries, find response in the accumulated treasures of a beauty-loving art? It is scarcely unreasonable to suppose that the good old monks may have been as divided in motive as modern travellers are in mind. Some may have turned with horror from precipices down which pilgrims are known to have been pitched headlong, while others will have rested fondly on the vision of the founder who saw in a dream, on the very site of this sky-soaring monastery, a silver staircase reaching from earth to heaven.

Monte Oliveto Maggiore has shared a common fate; the monastery was despoiled by the French, fine tarsia work was torn from the refectory and the library and used for firewood, the books have been dispersed, and the church, which was once covered with early frescoes, has been modernized in the worst style. Some slight signs of these pictures can still be traced; likewise in a passage between the church and the cloister there are remains of figures which, though of no great merit, show, as is often the case, successive strata of pictures. In the refectory, too, are small fragments of a Last Supper; also round the door leading to the church have been discovered beneath whitewash mutilated portions of a wall-painting. In fact, the whole monastery was at one time a museum rich in treasures of art, and the preservation of what remains is greatly due to the enlightened superior, who kindly conducts strangers through his domains. The last misfortune that has befallen Monte Oliveto is its secularization, with the consequent appropri-

ation of the lands by the State and the dispersion of the monks. Here, as at the great convent at Assisi, only a small clerical staff is retained, whose duties consist in the saying of mass, the education of about a dozen youths, the administration under the government of the estates, and lastly, the entertainment of travellers, ladies included, at a small fixed charge. The scholarly and gentlemanly superior remarked, in a melancholy voice, "We were formerly masters; we are now servants." Utilitarian considerations have, as usual, proved fatal to picturesque effects; the three remaining monks have, by command of the government, exchanged the white raiment of their order for the black gown of parish priests; the artist's eye is no longer delighted by groups of grey friars seated beneath the green olives, or wending their steps at eventide in lines of light among paths of dark cypress-trees.

The student of art, as well indeed as the general traveller, is attracted to this monastery among the mountains by the thirty frescoes which cover the whole of the four walls of the great cloister. These pictures were begun by Luca Signorelli at the close of the fifteenth century, and continued and completed by Bazzi (otherwise Razzi or Sodoma) in the commencement of the sixteenth century. The series comprises the life of St. Benedict, a theme which found favour among painters. The pictorial narrative here before us, in common with others elsewhere more or less complete, gives prominence to the visit of Totila to the saint; here, also, are illustrated many true or apocryphal incidents in his career, such as the overthrow of the heathen temple at Monte Cassino, sundry adventures with the devil, the visit of a company of fair damsels to tempt the monks, with the addition of various legendary miracles. Yet these compositions can scarcely be deemed religious in spirit, at least in the sense in which the word attaches to the severe and devotional pictures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Indeed the two painters here employed — Signorelli and his successor Bazzi — belong to that period of transition when sacred art was passing into secular, and ideal forms became pronounced with the individual traits of naturalism. Signorelli stands conspicuous as the pupil of Piero della Francesca; he was, too, the contemporary of Melozzo da Forlì; he belonged to the company of artists who, following in the steps of Paolo Uccello,

reduced drawing to the accuracy of a science, and brought perspective and the principle of foreshortening under strict geometric law. These frescoes also stand as early examples of aerial perspective; neutral and atmospheric tones appear almost for the first time, the fundamental principles of surrender and relation being in great degree due to that marvellous yet mysterious genius, Piero della Francesca. All the more interest attaches to these frescoes because of their transitional and tentative character. We here tread on the frontiers which divide classic, medieval, and modern styles; we are in the hands of a man who by the force of his will moulded elements so conflicting, that his compositions have been aptly compared, by reason of the angularity of their forms and the harshness of their colours, to a peal of bells ringing out of tune.

These master-works by Signorelli are turning-points in the history of art; we here find difficulties which had long impeded progress overcome. The drawing of the human form is based on the knowledge of anatomy; the draperies, whether symmetrical or disturbed by accident, fall naturally by the law of gravity; they show too the articulations of the form beneath — always a proof of knowledge and power; they are moreover valuable as trustworthy records of the military, monastic, and domestic costume of the time and place. These frescoes, indeed, have all the more value from the distinctive local character they bear. An oil or easel picture can be painted anywhere, and afterwards may be carried hither and thither; but these frescoes from first to last have inherited to the freehold and inheritance; the artist dwelt on the spot; when he rose in the morning to work he found models ready to hand; the monk with whom he had walked and talked at the vesper hour was ready at sunrise to lend his head and figure for pictorial uses. Signorelli had a piercing, wide-sweeping vision; his eye was open to the world on all sides. These frescoes, as we have said, show a keen insight into local character. Here are monks aged and meditative, others young and not quite subjected to spiritualism; here, too, occurs again and again the conjectural but apposite figure of St. Benedict — a venerable old man with white and flowing beard. Another representative character in these times is the knight or warrior as seen in the retinue of Totila. Perhaps the spirit of chivalry came more

within the sphere of Signorelli than the spirit of Christianity; and yet the warrior is sometimes subdued by sentiment, as in a young knight of drooping head and melancholy mien which reminds the spectator of the famous figure in Orcagna's "Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Yet on the whole we are impressed with the fact that the time had come for the dying-out of types; instead of traditional forms we are offered actual portraits, painted, as we have said, on the spot. Here too among these semi-secular legends we encounter almost for the first time a simply domestic art. Take, for example, two monks caught by the saint in the act of feasting contrary to rule in a private house, each guest being served at table by a young and charming damsel. This scandal, emblazoned on the wall of a cloister, fills the spectator with amazement. At a period when artists had devoted themselves to Madonnas and saints, in a place of special sanctity lying on the confines of Siena and of Umbria, each identified with express spiritual phases of art, we come upon a picture which stings as a satire and tickles as a joke. Signorelli left his work when not half finished; the traveller on his way to Rome next meets this bold and original master in Orvieto; in Monte Oliveto we have made acquaintance with the man in his every-day mood; here among the mountains he gathered strength for the sublime conceptions which stand in the rank of pictorial epics as the precursors to the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo. No painter will better repay study than Luca Signorelli; the world of art has not known enough of him.

Bazzi, who came and lived in the monastery to carry out the pictorial scheme which had broken down half way, soon showed himself as the antithesis to his predecessor Signorelli. He was a man who played with his art; he had little feeling of responsibility, no belief in a mission; in short, he scamped his work. Forsaking study, he took refuge in sentiment; his drawing is careless and infirm, his execution hasty and slight. But he received a timely reprimand from his employers, which so far put him on his mettle that some few of these compositions do no injustice to his acknowledged ability. How pure and noble the art of this painter might have been, and occasionally was, may be judged from the composition, specially commended by Vasari for its unaccustomed care,

"St. Mauro and St. Placido brought to St. Benedict as children and dedicated by their parents to God." Some of the heads are ennobled under the influence of Da Vinci, others confess to consanguinity with Perugino, Pinturicchio, and even with Raffaele. The infirmity of the master seems to have been that he slid too easily into eclecticism; like the mocking-bird in his notorious menagerie, he simulated the notes he heard floating in the air around him, so that his own voice became merged and lost. Yet had he a fine sense of beauty, especially in the female form; his manner was ever bland and gracious; his pencil is peculiarly persuasive; such a painter could not fail of popularity. Bazzi, in common with his contemporary Luini, is fitted every way for the art of fresco; he was so facile that he painted impromptu; his inventions had off-hand readiness even to a fault; his brush was so rapid that it ran ahead of guiding intention. The life of this wayward genius within the monastery was, to say the least of it, eccentric; ugly stories are rife which for the honour of art we are glad to discredit, but at all events he brought with him for his retinue a motley crew of birds and animals, so that his abode became, according to Vasari, "like the very ark of Noah;" this way of going on grew so extraordinary that the monks gave him the nickname of "Mattaccio" or "the arch-fool." And the scandal obtains currency that Bazzi here painted in the simple nude the women who are said to have come to tempt St. Benedict and his brethren; and the story is in some measure borne out by the fresco itself; the superior insisted that draperies should be added for the sake of decency, and some of the clothing seems as if it might have been an afterthought. The artist has written his character unmistakably in his own portrait painted on these walls, with his raven, baboon, and other brute companions around; the head might pass for that of a ferocious bandit, yet it is not without a certain wild force. Bazzi, although he made himself at home within the monastery, was not altogether comfortable. It is not pleasant to think of the bickerings over payments which marred the friendly relations between the artist and the ecclesiastics. Bazzi, like Signorelli, was ill paid; accordingly he slighted his work, and in a fit of temper exclaimed that his pencil danced only in tune with the chink of the coins. The monks have

not shown themselves wise even according to their generation; they first of all screwed down the artist, and then did their utmost to ruin his works. These frescoes have suffered cruel injury; the surfaces are scratched and scrawled over, and there is actually now to be seen a wall-painting in the upper part of the monastery which was rescued from beneath nine coats of whitewash.

The scenery and the accompanying stratification of Monte Oliveto have exceptional attractions for the artist and the geologist. In the midst of that light alluvial deposit which gives the fertility as of a garden to the hills and the valleys of the Apennines are here thrust barren deposits of marl, arid as lava-streams, which make inroad on vineyards and olive-groves. These clayey tracts, forming the high promontory whereon the monastery is planted, are subjected in the rainy season to an annually recurring deluge that ploughs the surface with torrents which rush wildly as water down a house-roof, breaking away roads, undermining woods, and devastating the fields whereon scanty harvests are reaped and stunted trees obtain precarious footing. The path to the monastery itself is subject to disintegration and disaster; it may be compared to the backbone of some antediluvian monster of rugged vertebrae, with a bare skeleton of ribs outstretching on either side. The whole scene is eminently Dantesque; here Gustave Doré might have made his sketches for the horrors of "*L'Inferno*" or for the exploits of the "Wandering Jew;" here, too, our own Martin could have caught ideas for the illustration of "Paradise Lost;" the scene indeed is as of a paradise into which demons have entered. Such were the waste places which the Benedictines loved to colonize—"places," to quote the words of the late Mr. Maitland, "chosen because they were waste and solitary, and such as could be reclaimed only by the incessant labour of those who were willing to work hard and live hard." The present superior points to plots barren within his memory now brought under cultivation; the vine mantles the rock, the cypress crowns the precipice, and golden corn adds colour to the grey shadowy landscape. So true are the words of M. Guizot, that "wherever the Benedictines carried the cross they also carried the plough; wherever they placed a book they painted a picture. Here we see the last survivors of the reformed order at

the place of its birth; let us hope that the good which these men have done may live after them, and that only the evil will be buried with their bones.

From The Spectator.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.

THERE is one peculiarity in the situation of Germany to which Englishmen do not as yet, we think, pay quite sufficient attention. It is very doubtful whether the statesmen and soldiers who guide the destinies of the empire—the emperor, Prince Bismarck, Count von Moltke, the Crown Prince, and Prince Frederick Charles—as yet think its military position safe. So sudden and complete were the victories of 1866 and 1870, so utterly were Austria and France prostrated, so perfect seemed the mechanism of the German military machine, that Englishmen scarcely understand how Germans can be anxious, and wonder why they cannot, like Englishmen and Americans, content themselves with the peaceful accumulation of wealth. No power dare attack them, and no power of the military kind ventures even to defy them. There is reason to believe, however, that this is not exactly the view taken by the great German chiefs themselves. They know perfectly well that, powerful as Germany is, she was indebted, both in 1866 and 1870, in some degree to fortune for her marvellous success. In 1866, the best German regiments in the Austrian army never met the Prussians at all, but were occupied with the Italians at Custozza. In 1870, the army of the Second Empire was in a situation unparalleled since the days of Louis XV.,—undermanned, badly officered, led by generals who hated one another, and commanded, in the last resort by a man who had no orders to give, and was unable to secure attention to his advice. Nevertheless, that army fought one splendid battle, and but for Marshal Bazaine's self-seeking policy might, even at the eleventh hour, have altered the whole current of affairs. Such circumstances are not likely to repeat themselves, and as Prince Bismarck and Count von Moltke look around, they may see facts which, if interpreted as they would interpret them, may cause them serious disquietude. To the westward lies a military Republic full of wealth and resources, with an army on paper as nu-

merous as the German, and in reality as numerous as any army Germany could move, unless her very existence were in danger, animated by an intense wish to retrieve her prestige, and a fixed determination at some future period to recover Lorraine. To the southward is an empire badly constructed, and essentially weak, but ruled by a most experienced prince, who during war would be absolute, who, for one great battle at least, would dispose of 400,000 men, nearly half of them Germans, and who cannot be believed willing to put up with his expulsion from an empire which in 1868 he acknowledged by his visit to Frankfort that he hoped to rule. To the northward is a peninsula which might under certain circumstances open the gate of Germany to a foe, and to the eastward a gigantic empire, ruled by a man whose successor may not be friendly, who must regard his empire rather than his own feelings, and who could order a quarter of a million of stubborn soldiers to move upon Berlin, a capital which on that side is not a hundred and fifty miles from a nearly defenceless frontier. Germany is hemmed in by first-class armies, and with all her gigantic strength might be overmatched by a coalition of these powers, or even of two of them; and it is no wonder that her rulers and her people, as yet scarcely aware of the greatness of their new position, scarcely exempt from the influences of their own past history, should restlessly watch the faintest indications of the coming of such a combination, or should even brood over plans which would, if successful, render it impossible.

That the best of these plans would be to remain quiet, to grow rich, and to acquire the confidence of Europe, is the conviction of most Englishmen, but it is not necessarily the conviction of men who at heart doubt whether European opinion ever seriously affects the policy of military states. The rulers of Germany may think that France can never be conciliated, that Austria may find it necessary to choose between a great victory or a near decease; that Russia, be her opinion what it might, would obey her czar's command; and that the only security for Germany is to grow till she is in her own strength beyond the reach of attack, even by a coalition. We English think this, and say this, as regards the sea, where we always profess ourselves bound to be ready to meet a combination; and Germany, in this view, is in the po-

sition of Great Britain, a powerful island state, isolated by circumstances, and surrounded by potential foes. That the German chiefs feel this dread in some fashion is evident from the recent military laws which place the whole population at their disposal, from the large concessions they would make to Denmark if she would enter the federation, from the anxious desire to remain more than friends with Russia, and from the frequent repetition of the threat that were the danger to increase, Germany would not wait to be attacked. The immediate danger is always represented as arising from the side of France, because Germans are more easily moved from that side, and because the war of 1870 makes such a statement reasonable, and consequently Englishmen always expect that any blow or menace of a blow from Berlin will be directed first against Versailles. But they may be mistaken in that opinion. The German chancellor, when reasoning on concrete facts, is the ablest, as well as the most daring, statesman in Europe, and he may hold a very different view of the situation. It is not France he dreads, but a coalition. He can fight France easily enough, if France has no ally. It is not victory he desires, but additional and permanent strength for Germany. To follow his thought, one must not watch telegrams or semi-inspired leaders, but look around, and see whether any great addition of strength is to be obtained for Germany; and if so, where. Clearly it is not to be obtained in France. Supposing the German government suddenly to insist that French armaments should stop, to demand Champagne as a material guarantee, and by a supreme exertion of strength to march once more on Paris, what would it permanently gain? Nothing, except a larger disaffected territory to garrison, and a larger population to be kept down by force. Russia would not be weaker because France was occupied, but stronger; the Hapsburgs would not be less hostile because Germany had her Poland, but more hopeful; Germany would not be more fitted for battle, but more distracted by new and most exhausting labour. Of course the extinction of France would end one of the German difficulties, but how is France to be extinguished without permanent military repression?

Nor is the advantage sought to be obtained in Russia. That Germany might beat Russia is conceivable, in spite of

the recent improvements in the mobility of the Russian army, and the acquiescence of the people in the new conscription, and she might then reclaim the Baltic provinces; but the quick defeat of Russia is, from the tenacity of the national character and the vast depth of the czar's dominions, nearly impossible, and a long campaign to the eastward would bring France into the field. It would, in fact, give the word for the very coalition we are assuming Germany to dread. The difficulty, too, of inducing the Hohenzollern family to attack relatives who have so often helped it, and who have shared with it the spoils of Poland, might prove to be insuperable; while the Baltic provinces, undefended and indefensible as they are to the east, might prove a most dangerous possession. While, therefore, we hold a spring on France unlikely unless provoked by Versailles, we deem one upon Moscow nearly beyond that list of possibilities which statesmen are warranted in taking into consideration. But is the third member of the coalition equally secure? It seems to us that if the German government really saw occasion to put everything once more to hazard—an occasion which we do not assume, and can hardly believe in—its temptation would lie southward, to spring rapidly and decisively on Vienna, and gain ten million more German subjects, before presidents or czars could seriously interfere. The risk involved in such an effort would be dreadful, for it could only be successful if victory were as immediate, crushing, and final as it was in the Seven Days' War; but then victory would not only not be barren, but would secure most of the results for which it is assumed that Germany longs,—security against coalitions and outlet to the southern world. No power could touch Germany if the Hapsburgs were once driven to Buda-Pesth, and no power save France would hold such influence in the Mediterranean. From Hamburg to Trieste all would be German. Of course if Austria were a burden such as northern France would be, Germany would gain nothing; but what chance would there be that Austria would be a burden, that the change once accomplished, the southern Germans would be disaffected to the empire to which for so many centuries they belonged? It must be a very small one. No man alive, certainly no outsider, can quite say what is the strength of the bond between the Hapsburgs and their people; but no one either will

affirm that in this day loyalty counts for much, or can prove that any race is bound more strongly to its hereditary rulers than the population of Hanover were to the Guelphs. The German-Austrians might dislike and yet acquiesce in the change; and in the nineteenth century, with its conscriptions, the acquiescence of a population suffices to make its government strong.

We do not intend, we need not say, to accuse the German government of the smallest design against Austria. On the contrary, we have always argued that Germany could secure more, with far less danger, by a strict and hearty alliance with the House of Hapsburg, than by any other conceivable combination. The two empires, acting together and thoroughly armed, could maintain for the next century peace in central Europe. Nor, whatever may be Prince Bismarck's wishes, is there any probability that the Emperor William will attack a friendly power merely in order to avert a possible and remote risk of a future combination. We are only addressing ourselves to that large class of Englishmen who will look only to one point of the compass, who will believe that Prince Bismarck cares only about France, and who expect from day to day, as, for instance, the *Standard* appears to do, to hear that a German army is encamped at Châlons. To such we say that they may be right, but that, if they are right, the German chiefs, while dreading a coalition — for it is only a coalition which could put Germany in tremor — think it best to strike at the best-guarded point, at the point where the fight would be sorest, and at the point where there is the least additional strength to be obtained as the reward of victory. Is that likely? It may be true, for Prince Bismarck may one day make a mistake, like another man; but it is much wiser to assume that he will not, that he will, if he breaks out of the ring, break out at the weakest point, and that if he chooses war, it will be war in which there is something to be obtained. It is indefinitely more probable that all the rumours of war which disquiet the Continent are spread to carry the new ecclesiastical laws, but if war is really intended, it is the Hapsburgs, of all men, who, as we calculate, have war to dread.

From The Saturday Review.

ROYALISTS AND REPUBLICANS.

THE minister of commerce and agriculture is ordinarily one of the least political members of the French government, and the present minister was put into his post rather for what he was outside the Cabinet than for any special services which he was expected to render within it. But the speech which M. de Meaux lately made at a dinner at St. Etienne is in some respects the most interesting expression of political opinion that has been heard since the 25th of February. Everybody knew what M. Dufaure or M. Wallon would say, and M. Buffet was eminently successful in his attempt at saying nothing. But M. de Meaux represents the Right in the coalition majority, and it was at least possible that he would take the first opportunity that offered itself of bringing out in stronger phrases than M. Buffet could venture to employ the anti-republican character of the present republic. The opportunity has come, and M. de Meaux has not used it. Indeed, he has gone further, and has used it for a directly opposite purpose. Instead of copying M. Buffet, and avoiding all mention of the republic, he has described the vote on the Constitutional Laws as the substitution of a republican rule, clearly defined, and armed with regular weapons, for the republican rule which has been practically established since the fall of the empire. It may seem a small thing that a minister has brought himself to see and admit so patent a fact as this. But the recognition of patent facts is by no means a common virtue among French politicians, least of all among conservative politicians, and M. de Meaux deserves credit for breaking through the custom hitherto so strictly observed by the Right of shutting their eyes to everything which they do not like. M. de Meaux is perfectly frank as to his relation to the new republic. He does not profess to rejoice over the constitutional settlement at which the National Assembly has arrived. He took no part, he says, in bringing it about, because his "deepest and dearest convictions" did not permit him to do so; but when once the law had been passed, he was able to take part in giving it effect, because the law has itself taken care to respect all honest convictions, and has only shut the door on *coups d'état* and revolutions. "On ground which all have not chosen all can find room to sustain the cause of

order and liberty," and all, whatever be their political preferences, ought to unite to protect French society against intrigues which compass its destruction.

This profession of faith is a tribute to the wisdom of those Republicans who consented to include in the new Constitution a clause providing for its revision. There was much to be said against the introduction of such a clause, and it must be admitted that the inconveniences arising out of it have not yet been fully tested. But against these inconveniences, great as they may prove to be, must be set the fact that the concession of the right of revision opened a way for the adhesion of royalists to the new republic which, without it, would have remained hopelessly closed. There are three degrees of comparison in the royalist section of French society—those who will admit of neither postponement nor compromise, those who will admit of postponement but not of compromise, and those who will consent to both. Those of the first degree are necessarily ranked as irreconcilables. If they are not at this moment striking a last blow for their king, it is only because their king and they alike see that such a last blow could do neither of them anything but harm. Those of the third degree have long been willing to co-operate in founding the republic. Their adhesion was secured in theory when M. Gambetta announced that all that the advanced Republicans demanded in an ally was a recognition that the republic was the only government that remained possible in France. This recognition was not incompatible with the conviction that the only possible government was in itself an extremely bad one, and only to be accepted as being immeasurably better than no government at all. But this concession on the part of the advanced Republicans did nothing for royalists like M. de Meaux. They are willing to accept the republic as the legal government of France, and in that character to pay it due respect and homage. But they will not put aside the hope that time and experience may yet bring Frenchmen to a wiser mind. They have no wish to see the republic overthrown by force or undermined by fraud. So long as the country retains its present temper they are Republicans, because the majority of Frenchmen are Republicans, and consequently the republic is the only government that can be maintained, except by the sword. But supposing that as years

pass away they should see reason to think that the majority of Frenchmen have discovered their mistake, and that if the Constitutional Laws had to be voted again they would be cast in a monarchical form, they will not promise not to take advantage of this change of temper. Under the Republican Constitution, as settled by the vote of the 25th of February, there is no need for them to give any such pledge. They have only to admit that until this change of temper comes the republic exists by right as well as in fact. They are not asked to deny their honest convictions; they are only called upon to prove by their acts that no conviction of theirs, however deep or however clear, has any right to impress itself on the form of government until it has become the conviction of the great body of their countrymen.

The recognition of the right of revision has made it possible for men to be at once honest royalists and honest republicans, and in this combination M. de Meaux sees a prospect of overcoming the enemies which have proved too formidable for all former republics. On the day, he says, on which good citizens and men of order rise unanimously and march united the social danger will be averted. If M. de Meaux can succeed in communicating this belief to French Conservatives he will have been more instrumental than any member of the coalition Cabinet in closing the future against Republican excesses, and their inevitable complement, Imperialist reaction. In former revolutions the Conservatives throughout the country have been inactive either from despair or from interest. The majority of them have thought it useless to take any part in politics, and have preferred to sit by the stream in the hope that it would at length run itself out. The minority have welcomed the excesses into which this inaction has tempted the Republicans, because these very excesses made it easier for them to build upon the fears of their countrymen the particular Conservative government which best ministered to their own advancement. It would be idle to say that the danger to which M. de Meaux refers has ceased to exist. It is less formidable in many ways than it was, because the elements which compose it have been brought under visible control, and have no longer the power of getting the command of public affairs by a single blow. It has been proved that the party of order is strong enough to reduce Paris to subjection, and to keep

Lyons in order; and before the mob of the capital can hope to control the executive, it must not only reckon with the garrison, but march unopposed to Versailles. Still, though the elements of confusion are weakened, they are not uprooted. The workmen in the great French cities who in their hearts reject M. Gambetta's leadership, and look forward to the day when the Commune shall once more be proclaimed, may be counted by the hundred thousand. But formidable as this calculation may seem, it is only formidable so long as the numbers arrayed against these hundreds of thousands are forgotten. The Conservatives of France may be counted by millions. With one exception they have everything that the socialist workmen have, and in far greater abundance. They have means, and organization, and physical strength, and a motive for which to use all these advantages. What they have hitherto lacked is the resolution to fight, which springs from the confidence that will fight with success. All the schemes for reducing the power of the dangerous classes which have been concocted with so much ingenuity have been vitiated by one cardinal error. They have aimed at weakening the revolutionary element in the country, instead of at utilizing and making evident the immensely superior strength of the anti-revolutionary element. Nothing but wholesale massacre can effect the former purpose, inasmuch as the force which makes the socialist workmen dangerous is the force of resolute arms. But the gain to the Conservative cause will be just as great if the socialist workmen are brought to realize the hopelessness of insurrection by contemplating the power of their adversaries as if they arrived at the same result by contemplating their own weakness. This latter conviction it is within the compass of the party of order to convey to their minds. If the French Conservatives will understand that political supremacy belongs, and rightly belongs, to those who take part in politics, and that inaction in time of peace means helplessness in time of conflict, the republic of the future may be more or less Radical according to the course of events, but in no case will it be Red.

From The Spectator.

THE MENTAL EFFECT OF PECUNIARY PRESSURE.

THERE are very few men, or at least very few experienced men, who, if granted by Providence or a fairy the fulfilment of some one wish, would not, after deliberate consideration, embody that wish in the words "perennial and perfect health." Ill health is such an evil, some forms of ill health comprise in themselves so much of the totality of misery, that very few men who understand the science of life, even if they were capable of deep mental, spiritual, or affectionate feeling, would not ask for health as if it were the sum of blessings. And yet we doubt, studying the record of suicides, whether sickness makes anything like the demand on human fortitude that is made by pecuniary distress, whether half as many people kill themselves in consequence of it, whether it produces anything like the same amount of mental misery. That poor man Hunt, who last week was committed for trial on the charge of murdering his wife and children, or, as he said, for sending them to heaven, was not so much injured by the ill success of his business as he would have been by blindness or a broken back, or any of the worse forms of chronic neuralgia; and yet we all feel that had he been smitten by any of these calamities, he would have submitted quietly where, under pecuniary distress, he took, or tried to take, his fate into his own hand. Except jealousy, there is scarcely any cause of suicide, as revealed in the occasional glimpses the world catches of concealed truths, so potent as pecuniary trouble; and even jealousy seems scarcely to cause misery of an equally acute kind. People commit murder, suicide, forgery, and all the crimes of greed every day under the compulsion of a form of suffering which least excuses their crimes to their own minds—your murderer for greed, even when confessing, always tries to invent some higher immediate motive—and which ought, one would think, to admit most of the palliative of hope. Jealousy may be incurable, for it may be well founded. Grief may be irremovable, for it may be founded in that most bitter, unending, unalterable sense of want, which a death can produce, and which bites like one of the strange diseases, seldom seen in Europe, in which permanent and savage hunger is one of the first symptoms. Humiliation may be irremovable, for it

may be well deserved, yet fall upon a nature that can feel it. Pain may be incurable, for it may arise from causes — as for instance, in one terrible case we know, the protrusion of a small spicula of bone into the brain — which science can detect but cannot reach, and which are beyond all human power. But pecuniary distress can never seem absolutely beyond hope. A mere accident might relieve it, as has often happened after the sufferer, unknowing of the fortune on its way, has taken the fatal plunge; or a slight increase of earning-power, or the opening of a new groove in life, or, and this is strangest of all, the development, constantly seen in women who have lost money, of a new power of doing without wants. Mrs. Gaskell paints that well in "Cranford," and we have seen a heavier fall than even Miss Matty Jenkyns's, a fall from £300 a year to £30, met by a sudden slaughter of all needs that bade defiance to pecuniary misfortune. And yet there can scarcely be a doubt that pecuniary trouble is of all troubles the one that most absorbs its victim, that most completely destroys his strength, that most certainly evolves the despairing sense of loneliness which is the precursor and the cause of suicide. The reason of this special effect of this particular trouble, is worth seeking, and is not very far to seek. Pecuniary trouble is one of the very few forms of misery which, while it involves all others or nearly all others — for it does not always, though it does frequently, involve remorse — is permanently present. Doctors know well that there is no form of the many mental sufferings caused by dyspepsia or by incipient insanity so dangerous or so terrible as that known in the profession as *timor mortis*. The wildest hallucinations may be removed by a careful exposure of their absurdity. The most real terrors may be abolished by the removal of their cause. The most ingenious delusions — and delusions are often ingenious, the mind seeming to take an independent pride in proving to itself that its absurdities are not unreasonable — may be lightened of their pressure by adroitness; for example, imaginary heart-disease may cease to frighten when it is accepted and treated as disease of the heart, but *timor mortis* can be removed only by returning health. No argument can demonstrate that death will not come; no one can keep the signs of death — funerals, for example — from reaching the patient's eyes; no teaching can show that death cannot happen at

the very moment when the sufferer is waiting to be taught. The suffering is permanent, always present, never less, and so is that of pecuniary pressure. The man or woman who feels it feels it always, to-day as yesterday, waking or asleep, in pleasure or pain, and will, he thinks, feel it yet more intensely to-morrow. It is a terror, and unlike most terrors, which grow less as they are steadily faced, it is an accumulative one, the end seeming ever to draw nearer, till the imagination, weary of suspense, leaps at once to the worst, and realizes on the Continent starvation, and in England the workhouse, as if it had already arrived. Either end, if it came at once, would probably be faced — for men face death or the workhouse as they do not face pecuniary pressure — but the long-continued strain is too much for most nerves, and the mind gives way to the pressure of protracted despair. The fortitude which could encounter the actual evil is worn out long before the evil arrives, and the blow at last descends upon a mind ready to give way at the faintest impact. It is this long-continued tension which accounts for the strange unreasonableness which men in difficulty often show about their affairs, their inability to believe that things can go right, or that they can be mistaken as to the extent of the pressure; and also for the still more strange desire to remove wife and children from the danger involved in the advancing calamity, the one calamity which seems to so many men to turn murder into an act of beneficent self-sacrifice. "What will become of the children when I am gone?" is a thought which tortures many a father and mother, but it is only when the fate dreaded is poverty that the torture becomes so intolerable, that the sufferer in his madness seeks a false relief in unselfish crime.

Tension is, we believe, the secret of the insanity so often produced by pecuniary trouble, but the inquiry must still be pushed one step further back. Why is the tension so extreme? Why do men, and especially men just outside the limit of poverty, fear poverty so much more, especially for others, than they fear still graver evils? Why, for instance, will a father, half-maddened by the idea that his daughter will be reduced to manual labour, remain comparatively tranquil when informed that all the symptoms which indicate cancer are present in the object of his affection? The popular answer that poverty in our artificial state of

society involves all miseries, hunger, overwork, humiliation, is scarcely sufficient, for human beings able to judge would choose them all in preference to cancer. We believe the causes for this overweening horror of poverty, which certainly exists, and with many classes in this country furnishes an overpowering motive in life, are two, both of them easy to be explained. The first cause undoubtedly is that men fear most those future troubles which they most clearly realize, and that they realize very few. The majority of mankind, fortunately for themselves, have very little imagination, and that imagination is most easily stirred upon its hopeful side. Every man must die, and how very few think often of that greatest of events! It is the hardest thing in the world to induce men ever to expect pain, and the man who knows perfectly well that a burst of temper will bring on *angina pectoris* or that a glass of sherry will renew the torture of gout, still indulges his anger or his taste without any serious fear. The best argument against transportation as a punishment is that criminals have such a difficulty in realizing its meaning—soldiers, for instance, in India, often try to be transported—and it is the same want of imagination which, even in countries where the population has a horror of suffering, makes universal conscription possible. People do, however, realize poverty, realize it thoroughly and painfully, and dread it, therefore, as they never dread very much worse evils. They know what it is to have no money, and the prospect of having none affects them as keenly as if they were already destitute. The man, therefore, who sees destitution coming on, say, for twelve months, is therefore as far as the strain on him is concerned, a man who for twelve months has been destitute, and has suffered all, and more than all, that destitution implies. It is not true, perhaps, to say that nothing is so painful as imagination pictures it, for many pains, such as tic, are probably worse, but nothing is so painful as imagination pictures it in a man whose imagination is thoroughly informed. He collects together involuntarily all the terrors of the situation, which in fact would be dispersed, and expects the workhouse

and starvation, as it were, *together*. He cannot or at least does not realize that the suffering of having to eat "skilly" and the suffering of being without a meal cannot happen simultaneously to the same individual. He would fear cancer for his daughter quite as much as poverty, but he knows what poverty would be, and does not, though he thinks he does, fully realize the disease. The second cause we believe to be the sense of injustice which enters into this peculiar form of suffering. Men submit to evils visibly dealt out to them by Heaven or fate with a resignation they are often unable to display under evils in which human will is an operating cause. We take it, the man who commits suicide from pecuniary pressure will always be found to be a man who has worked, and who has raged secretly or openly at the apparent injustice involved in work bringing no return. Nothing overturns the balance of the mind so quickly as a long-continued sense of injustice, and nothing, especially in the army and merchant navy, is so frequent a cause of suicide. The man who is gliding into poverty from no fault of his own, or from a fault he does not perceive, is apt, unless a man of singularly well-balanced judgment, to feel himself oppressed, and oppressed by power which is resistless, without being in any sense divine; he is compelled to fight, as it were, without weapons, and as it is not open to him in this world to decline the struggle, he leaves this world behind. Pharaoh's order that bricks should be made without straw excites a sort of horror in the minds of millions who do not know why straw was needed; and a little tradesman without capital, who toils like a slave, yet all in vain, constantly feels as the Jews did, as if he were fighting against a power which could not be mollified either by labour or obedience, but returns for submission only a demand for the impossible, and for labour only the sarcasm, "You are idle." No other form of misery, except perhaps, religious persecution, produces quite this impression, or, when it is continuous, so destroys the spring in most men's minds. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"—except the bankrupt's.